

The Daily Mirror.

No. 1.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1903.

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EACH MODEL an Original Study

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Special Sale

MANTLES and JACKETS,
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ONE-THIRD TO ONE-HALF BELOW THE ORIGINAL PRICES.

COMMENCING TO-MORROW, and
Continuing throughout the Week.

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY have purchased the Entire Stock
of one of the best-known Manufacturers of High-class Mantles, Jackets,
and Coats and Skirts at a reduction of from 33½ to 50 per cent. below the
Original Prices. The whole of these Goods are of a particularly exclusive
character, and have all been made for the Present Season.

For Full Particulars See

To-morrow's "Daily Mirror."

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Messrs FRYER & JACQUES,

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Comprising

LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S & CHILDREN'S
HOSIERY, GLOVES, & UNDERWEAR
AT ONE-HALF THE USUAL PRICES.

ALSO A SPECIAL SALE OF

MANTLES, COSTUMES, PETTICOATS, BLOUSES,
BLANKETS AND DOWN-QUILTS, AT REMARK-
ABLY LOW PRICES.

PETER ROBINSON, LTD., OXFORD-STREET.

PRECIOUS STONES.

JEWELLERY.

TIFFANY & CO.,

221 and 221A, REGENT STREET,
LONDON, W.

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SILVERWARE.

FAVRILE GLASS.

A VISIT IS SOLICITED.

VICTORY'S FURS.

ELEGANT

STRICTLY
MODERATE
CHARGES.

— and —

EXCLUSIVE

STRICTLY
MODERATE
CHARGES.

MODELS.

162, REGENT ST., W.

MAPLE & CO

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON

GREAT EXTENSION OF SHOWROOMS

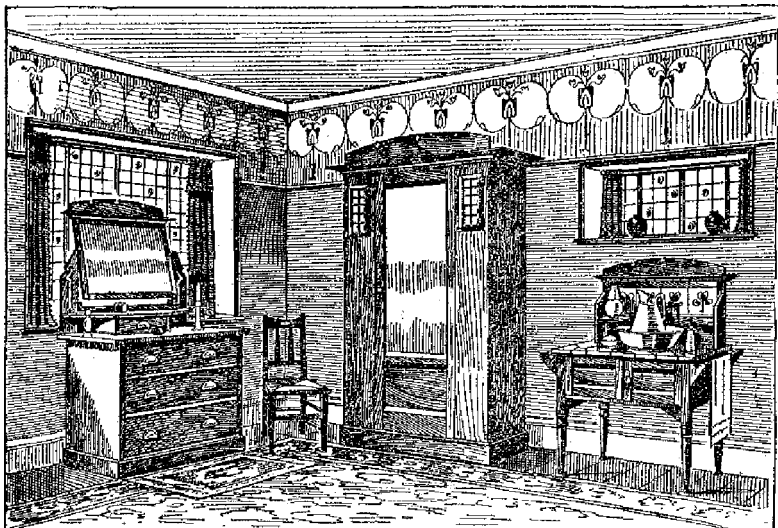
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INEXPENSIVE BEDROOM FURNITURE

The "OTWAY" Bedroom Suite £9 15 0

"DAILY MIRROR" SPECIAL ILLUSTRATIONS FREE.



THE "OTWAY" BEDROOM SUITE is in Fumed Oak, and comprises a Wardrobe with Mirrored Door and Glass Panels; a convenient Washstand with Marble Top, Tiled Back, roomy Cupboard, and Towel Rods; Dressing Chest with Large Landscape Mirror and Three Long Drawers; Two strong Rush-seated Chairs, £9 15 0. This Bedroom Suite is of Extraordinary Value, and can only be produced at this price by making in large numbers—say 500 at one time.

MAPLE & CO

CHAS. LEE & SON,

98-100, WIGMORE ST.

[ONLY ADDRESS.]

The famous "LEEWIG" Petticoat.

Patent by CHAS. LEE & SON.

THE many advantages of this Petticoat are probably not yet well-known. These "Tops" are pliable, exceedingly durable and easy fitting, giving more comfort in walking. Specially recommended for dancing. Dressmakers generally prefer to fit Gowns over this Petticoat, as it is absolutely without fulness, and easy for walking.

SPECIAL QUOTATIONS.

"TOPS," best Stockinette
Angora Wool delightfully
stretching - - - 15/9
Heavy Winter make - - 16/9
Mercerised Spun, for India and
Summer Wear - - 18/9
Stout, extra good wearing- 21/-
Spun Silk Web, particularly
recommended, which has largest
demand - - - 23/9
Heavy quality - - - 25/9
Antelope Suede Leather, beauti-
fully finished, a proof against
chills - - - 29/6 31/6
Soft finished Doeskin Leather,
25/9

LEATHER "TOPS."

AVOID CHILLS.

Particularly desirable wear, and a
proof against serious chills. A
leading physician is recommending
this very successful idea.

These soft, pliable Skin "Tops" do
not take up the least space. Tailor-
made gowns fit most perfectly over
them.



LADIES' FIELD: "Everything at Messrs. Lee & Son's is
beautifully made and quite different from other establish-
ments. They have a very obliging staff."

FRILLS, detachable, which are quickly changed, with safety hooks—
Silk Moiratte, specially designed for this Petticoat, in beautiful wearing quality, and in charm-
ing varieties of shade, for which we have enormous demands for wearing under Tweed Gowns.
15/9 18/9 21/- 25/9 29/6
SILK FRILLS, for every occasion, Day and Evening ... 25/9 29/6 to 4 Gns.

THOMAS & SONS.

32, BROOK STREET,
NEW BOND STREET,
LONDON, W.

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**PREMIER
LADIES'
SPORTING
TAILORS.**

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Free on application to their only
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THOMAS & SONS,
32, BROOK STREET, W.

The LONDON SHOE CO., Ltd.

By Royal Warrant of appointment to
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

No. 231.

Price
18/9.

Lace
or
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TERMS
CASH.

Cata-
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Post
Free.

Calf Kid, Blacking Leather Golosh, Smart or Medium Toe
Ditto, Cheaper Quality, Price 14s. 6d.

All Letter Orders, with the exception of Appropriation
Parcels, forwarded Post Free to any address in the British
Isles, as per Catalogue. AGENTS FOR

Dr. DAVIES' TRIPLE ARCH SUPPORTS.

116 & 117, NEW BOND ST., W.
21 & 22, SLOANE ST., S.W.

All letters to City—

123 & 125, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.

Established 1791.

Horrockses'

Longcloths,

Nainsooks, Cambrics,

India Longcloths.

Sheetings,

Ready-made Sheets,

(plain and hemstitched).

Horrockses' name on each Sheet

Flannelettes

of the highest quality.

N.B.—See "HORROCKSES" on selvedge.

Sold by Drapers Everywhere.

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A Roll, 6 ft. wide, containing 12½ square yards £1 10 0
A Roll, 6 ft. wide, containing 25 square yards 2 18 0
A Roll, 6 ft. wide, containing 50 square yards 5 15 0
Carriage paid to any railway station in England.

THE PATTERN ON THIS LINOLEUM IS NOT
PRINTED, IT IS INLAID.
IT NEVER WEARS OFF.
IT NEVER LOOKS SHABBY.

Inlaid Ludgate
BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS AND COLOURINGS.
SAMPLES ON APPLICATION TO
TRELOAR,
Ludgate Hill, LONDON.
A CATALOGUE OF FLOOR COVERINGS FREE.

Linoleum.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special forecast for to-day is: Continuing changeable; fair at first, rain everywhere later.

Lighting-up time for all vehicles, 5.32 p.m.

SEA PASSAGES TO-DAY.

English Channel and North Sea moderate; Irish Channel rather rough.

The Daily Mirror.

306th Day of Year.

Monday, Nov. 2, 1903.

59 days to Dec. 31.

1903.	Nov.					Dec.	
Sun. ...	2	8	15	22	29	6	13
Mon. ...	3	9	16	23	30	7	14
Tues. ...	4	10	17	24	1	8	15
Wed. ...	5	11	18	25	2	9	16
Thurs. ...	6	12	19	26	3	10	17
Fri. ...	7	13	20	27	4	11	18
Sat. ...	8	14	21	28	5	12	19

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

Our Venture.

Guest: Sir, this is a most excellent wine!
Host: I do not offer it to you as my worst.

The day on which a newspaper is first published is generally regarded as the day of its birth; but it might more truly be said that it is the chief moment and turning point of its life, for long before it is read by the public it has been read and studied by those who have designed and moulded it; daily, during months of infancy, it has been printed and published to a small world of ruthless critics, and every action of its life in the large world drilled and rehearsed in miniature. All that experience and preparation can do in shaping it has already been done, and the last feather of its wings adjusted; so that I have now only to open the door of the cage, and ask your good wishes for the flight.

I make no apologies or excuses for the *Daily Mirror*. It is not a hurried or unconsidered adventure. It is the result of a deliberate decision to add to the ranks of daily newspapers one that it is hoped will, by virtue of its individuality, justify its presence in those ranks. It is new, because it represents in journalism a development that is entirely new and modern in the world; it is unlike any other newspaper because it attempts what no other newspaper has ever attempted. It is no mere bulletin of fashion, but a reflection of women's interests, women's thought, women's work. The same and healthy occupations of domestic life, the developments of art and science in the design and arrangements of the homes of all classes, the daily news of the world, the interests of literature and art—these will all be found equally represented beside those more intimate matters in which (fortunately for the decoration of this dull world) women still take an interest.

It may be asked, why, if this provision for feminine interests is so urgently needed as the immense demand for the *Daily Mirror* indicates, has it never been supplied before? Partly because it was never necessary, and partly because it was never possible. It was unnecessary, because the freedom, the education, the aims of women have only recently become wide enough to demand serious provision on so large and organised a scale; it was impossible, because it is only now that that increased breadth in interests makes it possible for me to find the large staff of cultivated, able, and experienced women necessary for the conduct of a suitable newspaper. But to-day that newspaper is a possible, an accomplished thing; and to-day, as finished and as perfect as for the moment we can make it, it passes from our hands to the hands of the public, with whom its future rests. We shall develop it in a hundred directions; it will gain in interest in proportion to the favour you accord it.

Feminine, but I hope not effeminate, the *Daily Mirror* is designed for men as well as women. Why not? The interests which it represents are surely as important to the world as those of finance, ship ping, and sport, each of which have their representatives in the daily Press; and as I intend it to be really a mirror of feminine life as well on its grave as on its lighter sides, I venture to think that no man to whom the reflection and progress of human affairs are of interest need be ashamed to be interested in the *Daily Mirror*. For the rest, we hope to be entertaining without being frivolous, and serious without being dull; to utilise our space so that no diligent reader need be ignorant of any considerable, nor disgusted with any unnecessary piece of news; and so to distribute our matter that the transition from the shaping of a founce to the forthcoming changes in Imperial defence, from the arrangement of flowers on the dinner table to the disposition of forces in the far East, shall be made without mental paroxysm or dislocation of interest. *Salve!*

Alfred Harmsworth.

Court



Circular.

Buckingham Palace, Oct. 31.

His Majesty the King received the Right Hon. Sir Francis Plunkett (his Majesty's Ambassador at Vienna) and Mr. Arthur James Herbert (his Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires at Darmstadt and Carlsruhe) in audience to-day.

The Hon. Sir Schomberg McDonnell, Commodore Sir A. Berkeley Milne, Bart., R.N., A.D.C., and Captain G. Holford also had audiences of the King.

His Majesty the King attended divine service yesterday morning at Marlborough House Chapel.

The King will journey to Windsor to-day by motor car, and will lunch at the Castle, returning to London later in the afternoon. His Majesty will inspect the arrangements made for the reception of the King and Queen of Italy, and will also view several improvements which have been made at the Castle.

To-night the King dines in the Middle Temple. It is exactly forty-two years last Saturday since the Middle Temple

Benchers elected to their number the then heir-apparent, who served the Treasurership in the Golden Jubilee year, just as the Prince of Wales is to serve the Treasurership of Lincoln's Inn for the ensuing legal year.

The King is expected to leave for Sandringham on Thursday.

The King went to St. James's Palace on Saturday morning to sit for the picture which is now being painted of him.

The Queen attended divine service at Sandringham Church yesterday morning, accompanied by Princess Victoria and Princess Charles of Denmark.

The Prince of Wales, attended by Sir Charles Cust, will leave Sandringham this morning for Marlborough House to join the Princess, who arrived there on Saturday afternoon from Thetford. His Royal Highness will travel from Wolferton by the 11 o'clock ordinary train, and reach St. Pancras at 2.50. The Prince and Princess of Wales's children will stay at York Cottage.

To-Day's News At a Glance.

Important plans for securing efficient national defence are announced on this page.

Professor Mommsen, the famous German historian, died yesterday.

Lady Spencer died at Spencer House, St. James's-place, on Saturday.

M. Sagount, the murdered Armenian revolutionary, has been buried at Forest Hill.

Vice-Admiral Hugo Lewis Pearson has been selected as Commander-in-Chief at the Nore.

Reuter says the miners' strike at Bilbao, which caused riot and bloodshed last week, is at an end.

Fifteen persons have been killed and fifty injured in a railway accident near Indianapolis, U.S.A.

Miss Joyce Howard, second daughter of Lady Audrey Buller, was married on Saturday to Colonel Arthur Doyle.

Forty-eight persons, passengers and crew of the Japanese steamer Tokai-Maru have been drowned in collision with a Russian steamer.

The King has given Staff-Captain Rawson, of Portsmouth Dockyard, the Royal Victorian Order for smartness in docking the Victory after her recent collision.

The London Chamber of Commerce has issued a letter showing how inexpensive furs are "doctored" so as to resemble much more valuable skins.

At Manchester on Saturday Sir William Harcourt declared that the gospel of universal dearness was contrary to common sense. At Paisley Mr. Asquith described Mr. Chamberlain's policy as one of lopsided preference.

The skating season at Prince's opened on Saturday.

The entire Chilian Cabinet has resigned, says Reuter.

Paris newspapers say M. Lepine, Prefect of Police, has resigned.

Between 1,300 and 1,400 borough councillors are to be elected in London to-day.

Miss Lillian Dorothea Devitt was married on Saturday to Mr. H. S. Pendlebury, F.R.C.S.

At Maidenhead the floods are so deep that many inhabitants can only leave their houses in punts.

1,600 London shops will devote a percentage of their receipts to-morrow to the King's Hospital Fund.

Miss Dorothy Grimston, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, was married on Saturday to Mr. Robert Meyer.

M. Papazoglou, reputed the wealthiest man in Bulgaria, has (says Laffan) fatally shot himself in the presence of his parents.

Two men and a woman, who are suspected of robbing and defrauding servants all over London, have been remanded at Southwark.

The evidence in a divorce petition by Mr. Arthur Douglas, of Manchester, showed that the husband forgave his wife three separate times.

An electric disturbance, felt only beneath the surface, seriously interrupted telegraphic communication between England, France, and America.

By the breaking of a lift-rope a workman fell eighty feet and was killed, on Saturday, at the Savoy Hotel extension, which is being carried out by American methods.

TO-DAY'S ARRANGEMENTS.

The Court.

The King dines in Hall as a Benchers of the Middle Temple.

Events of the Day.

London Municipal Elections.

Miscellaneous.

The Haydn Musical Society Dance at the Portman Rooms, 9.

Shoeland Leather Fair. Special exhibit of "adulterated footwear."

"A trivial talk on women." Lady Violet Greville at Norbiton Schools, Kingston.

President's opening address, Royal Institute of British Architects.

Society of Chemical Industry.—Various papers of scientific interest.

East India Association.—Modern history of trial by jury in India.

Royal Institution.—Work and Alms of the London University.

Stock Exchange Holiday.

12th Middlesex R.V. Regimental Dinner, Alexandra Rooms, Trocadero, 6.45.

Political.

Polling at Londonderry.

Mr. Walter Long attends the Dinner of the Association of Metropolitan Mayors and ex-Mayors.

Golf.

Finals of inter-county matches at Sunningdale (3 days).

To-day's Sales.

Peter Robinson's—Blankets and down quilts.

Thomas Wallis and Co.—Mantles, costumes, lace, trimmings, glass and Worcester ware.

Jones Bros. (Holloway).—Paris models, blouses, mantles, etc.

Nicholson's Ltd., (St. Paul's Churchyard)—Silks.

Music.

Popular Concert, St. James's Hall, 8.

Miss Marie Nichols' Violin Recital, St. James's Hall, 3.

Theatres.

Adelphi, "La Principessa Giorgio," 8.30.

Apollo, "The Girl from Kay's," 8.

Avenue, "Dolly Varden," 8.30.

Comedy, "The Climbers," 8.30.

Criterion, "Billy's Little Love Affair," 9.

Daly's, "A Country Girl," 8.

Drury Lane, "The Flood Tide," 8.

Duke of York's, "Letty," 8.

Gaiety, "The Orchid," 8.

Garrick, "The Golden Silence," 8.

Haymarket, "Cousin Kate," 9.

His Majesty's, "King Richard II.," 8.15.

Lyric, "The Duchess of Dantzic," 8.

New Theatre, "Mrs. Goring's Necklace," 8.55.

Prince of Wales's, "The School Girl," 8.

Queen's (Small) Hall, "The Follies," 3.15.

Royal Court, "The Tempest," 8.30.

Royalty, "Der Sturmgeselle Sokrates," 8.15.

Shaftesbury, "In Dahomey," 8.15.

St. James's, "The Cardinal," 8.30.

Strand, "A Chinese Honeymoon," 8.

Terry's, "My Lady Molly," 8.15.

Vaudeville, "Quality Street," 8.30.

Wyndham's, "Little Mary," 9.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

THE NATION'S SAFETY.

GREAT SCHEME OF REFORM.

IMPORTANT COMMITTEE APPOINTED.

We are able to-day to make an announcement of great national and Imperial importance.

The public will shortly be officially informed that a committee of three, with powers of the most liberal character, has been appointed for the reorganisation of the national defences.

The Committee will consist of one of our ablest admirals, one of our best generals, and a third member who will be a civilian.

It will superintend the re-organisation of the War Office, consider the organisation of the Navy, and bring two great services into harmony.

The civilian member will be Lord Esher.

The naval officer selected will be Admiral Sir J. Fisher, Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, and the officer mainly responsible for the new naval education plan.

The soldier will be selected from the following names:

The Duke of Connaught. Lord Kitchener.
Sir H. Brackenbury. Sir Ian Hamilton.
Sir W. G. Nicholson.

The revolutionary measure has been vigorously urged forward by his Majesty, and is meant as a real movement towards complete reform.

The work of the Committee is expected to occupy at least six months.

This intimation of the appointment of the Committee may be officially described as "premature" and "unauthorised," but the *Daily Mirror* is prepared to risk its future reputation as a news-organ on the substantial accuracy of the statement.

The appointment of this new Committee is a practical recognition of the severe criticism of the Commission which examined into the management of the South African War. It is a proof that the finding of that Commission is not to be left a dead letter by the Government.

What the Commission Said.

The verdict of the Commission on the war was that there were serious miscalculations as to the nature of the operations, that there was no plan of campaign, that there were deficiencies in stores, which were full of peril to the Empire, and that no steps had been taken since the war and up to the date of the report of the Commission, to provide for safeguard against the recurrence of such a scandal; that in the remount department "from first to last there was not the symptom of an idea in anyone who was responsible for its organisation that in time of war there would be necessity for expansion"; and that the War Office was organised in a manner which destroyed responsibility and prevented progress.

The danger of the position thus disclosed was declared to be extreme. According to Sir G. Taubman-Goldie, "only an extraordinary combination of fortunate circumstances, external and internal, saved the Empire during the early months of 1900, and there is no reason to expect a repetition of such fortune, if, as appears probable, the next national emergency finds us still discussing our preparations."

Lord Esher's Report.

Particular interest attaches to the special report of Lord Esher, which was appended to the general report of the Commission, and which showed what were and are still his aims. He insisted that the Secretary of State for War, Lord Lansdowne, must either have been guilty of neglect or have been in utter ignorance of the facts. Lord Esher advocated a re-organisation of the War Office on the same lines as the Admiralty, coupled with the virtual abolition of the office of the Commander-in-Chief. It is not certain, however, that such a measure would be a real improvement. With Sir John Fisher at his back and an able soldier, Lord Esher is not in the least likely to make any serious mistakes, and a great gain, not only in efficiency, but also in economy, is certain to follow from the work of the new Committee.

The Task of the Committee.

Its first task will be to examine into the working of the War Office, and to draw up a scheme for the logical apportionment of the duties of that office. Ultimately we may hope that the new Committee will give us the one real and vital reform needed, of a civilian

Continued on Next Page.

The World's Latest News by Telegram and Cable.

Continued from Page 3.

Minister of Defence, who will have under him the commanders-in-chief of the Navy and Army. The war between the two services will thus be ended, and we shall no longer have such absurdities as occurred at the last Colonial Conference, when the Admiralty explained that all its plans were based upon the offensive against the enemy, and the destruction of his fleets on the high seas; while the head of the War Office explained that he was preparing a huge army for home defence, in the event of the Navy being beaten.

The absence of any agreement between the Army and Navy, and the fact that these two branches of the military profession are under different heads, have in the past led to great waste of resources and friction.

In fact, the announcement which we make to-day is the herald of a complete revolution in our military arrangements. It is a practical proof that the 22,000 dead, who gave their lives for the nation in South Africa, have not died in vain.

FROM NEW YORK.

THE GOELET-ROXBURGHE WEDDING.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

New York, Sunday Night.

The invitation cards for the marriage of Miss May Goelet with the Duke of Roxburghe have been issued by the mother of the bride, and President Roosevelt and family, members of the British Embassy, and other Diplomatic Corps, in addition to the best-known American society people, are expected to be present. Although Mrs. Goelet is entertaining a large company every night during the week at her house, the wedding itself will be very simple and quiet. Thousands of white and pale coloured chrysanthemums of the rarest varieties will be used to decorate the church at which the marriage takes place.

The bride's wedding dress, which has arrived from Worth's, is of white satin chiffon, trimmed with point lace and clustered blossoms, and, for luck, among the orange blossoms in her hair and in her bouquet, will be twined some sprigs of Scotch white heather.

The bride's magnificent gifts of jewels from her millionaire friends and relatives beggar description, some of the most valuable being diamond tiaras and collarettes from Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, and several gold and silver table services. Miss Goelet also has been the recipient of clocks galore, Sevres china, "interesting" pieces of furniture, and bric-a-brac collected in all parts of the world.

The Duke bought the massive gold wedding ring in London.

The Duke of Roxburghe's solicitors have already arrived in America to draw up the marriage settlements, and are receiving the handsome fee of £500 for their trouble.

After the marriage the Duke and Duchess will leave for Floors Castle, Roxburghshire, the Duke's seat in Scotland. Everyone here wants to know whether there is a genuine ghost at Floors Castle. The bride will be presented at Court during the spring, when she will wear her wedding gown, with her diamond gifts.

PROFESSOR MOMMSEN DEAD.

Charlottenburg, Sunday.

Professor Theodor Mommsen, the famous historian, who was struck with paralysis on Friday, died at a quarter to nine this morning.—Reuter.

Dr. Mommsen, who was in his eight-sixth year, retained his faculties almost to the last. His great work, the history of Rome, first appeared in 1854, and has been translated into all the principal languages of the world.

The venerable professor was a bundle of eccentricities. The father of ten children, it is said he sometimes failed to recognise them.

HER MAJESTY THE COLONEL.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, or Willemijntje, as her subjects love to call her, will, in a few days' time, arrive at Wandsbeck, one of the suburbs of Hamburg, whither she is called by her military duties.

Her Majesty is colonel of the 15th Regiment of Hanoverian Hussars, and has consented to pass her regiment in review on the occasion of the hundredth anniversary of its creation. The Queen of Holland is an admirable horsewoman, and her presence will not fail to add to the picturesqueness of the ceremony.

JAPANESE STEAMER LOST.

The Japanese steamer Tokai Maru has been sunk (Lloyd's agent at Yokohama telegraphs) by collision with the Russian steamer Progress, which had both her bows stove in.

Forty-eight of the Japanese crew and passengers were drowned. The Progress saved fifty-six of the crew and passengers, and landed them at Yokohama.

The Tokai Maru belongs to the Nippon Yusen Kaisha passenger line, which runs between Japan and Korea. The Progress was on its way from Nurovan, in the north of Japan, to Vladivostok.

AMERICAN RAILWAY DISASTER.

UNIVERSITY FOOTBALL PLAYERS KILLED.

A disastrous railway accident has occurred in the United States. According to a Reuter telegram from Indianapolis, a Cleveland train rushed into a number of gravel cars which had run downhill from a siding on to the main line. Fifteen persons were killed and between forty and fifty injured, more than half of them seriously.

The first coach of the train was cut in two by the gravel cars, and a coach in which members of the Purdue University football team were travelling was telescoped. The football team was accompanied by a party of fellow-students who were going to witness the match, and many of them were extricated from the wreckage more or less injured. Among the killed were several members of the team, their bodies being shockingly mutilated. The students displayed great grief at the death of their class-mates. The horror of the scene was increased by the fact that the surgeons who had been summoned found it necessary to perform amputations on the spot.

The Indiana University team, which had travelled by another train to contest the State championship with the Purdue team, was awaiting its arrival when the news of the disaster was received.

SOMALILAND CAMPAIGN.

H.M.S. Perseus, which arrived at Bombay recently to join the squadron that will escort Lord Curzon on his approaching visit to the Persian Gulf, has been ordered (Reuter says) to proceed immediately to Obbia, which is the port in Italian Somaliland whence the former British expedition against the Mullah started.

The "Esercito" (Rome) publishes the following telegram from Aden of Saturday's date:—"In order to come to an agreement concerning the campaign against the Somaliland Mullah, the Sultan of Obbia arranged an interview with the British Governor, and asked to be brought here on an Italian vessel. The interview is to take place this evening."

RELEASE OF LYNCHHAUN.

The escaped Irish-American convict, Lynchhaun, has been successful in his resistance to extradition from the United States. The case, which has occupied some weeks at Indianapolis, ended on Saturday. The Federal Commissioner, Mr. Moore, said while the crime was a brutal one it was nevertheless of a political nature, and, therefore, not extraditable. His release was ordered.

Lynchhaun was convicted in 1895 of murdering Mrs. Agnes McDonnell, the lady who employed him as bailiff in the West of Ireland, and was sentenced to penal servitude for life. On September 6, 1902, he escaped from an Irish convict prison, and was recaptured in America on the 28th of last August. Though 250 constables were looking for him, he kept his liberty for eleven months.

LADY PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATE.

The constitution of the Australian Commonwealth, by a strange oversight, or exceptional foresight, does not expressly exclude women from Parliament; and Miss Vida Goldstein is seeking to take advantage of the situation. The lady is exceptionally qualified for the task which confronts her.

She is commended, not merely for her readiness as a public speaker, intellectual and literary studies exhibited in her speeches, and her genuine womanliness, but also for the fact that she is one of the prettiest, best dressed, and most popular women in Melbourne. How keenly Sir Walter Besant would have followed the fortunes of this charming Australian lady of thirty!

TERRIBLE FIRE IN NEW YORK.

A fire broke out at one o'clock yesterday in a large tenement house in Eleventh Avenue, between 35th and 36th Streets, occupied by people of various nationalities. The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. Twenty-five persons perished, including a number of women and children. The police and firemen rescued many women and children who were overcome in the rush for the street.—Reuter.

ALL SOULS' DAY IN GERMANY.

To-day the feast of All Souls is celebrated in sad fashion throughout the German Empire. The cemeteries are thronged with mourners, dressed in flowing crape, who cover the graves of their loved ones with wreaths of flowers, transforming the dreary "God's Acre" into a veritable garden of bloom.

THE AUSTRALIAN DERBY.

The Australian Derby was run on Saturday at Melbourne. F. J. A. was the winner, Sweet Nell came in second, and Belah third.

ELECTRIC EARTH-STORM.

TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION STRANGELY BROKEN.

An electric earth-storm was the curious phenomenon that puzzled telegraphists and interrupted the wires on Saturday. The electric disturbance was confined entirely to the earth, and interfered considerably with the working of all the land lines and cables. Only four or five words a minute could be sent by the American cables at certain times during the day, and communication with the Continent was much interrupted.

France was isolated during part of Saturday in regard to telegraphic communication with the rest of Europe and with the United States. The disturbance (Reuter states) is attributed to seismic movements and atmospheric phenomena, as to the nature of which nothing definite has been ascertained. This is the first time that such a thing has occurred since the introduction of telegraphy.

Telegraphic communication was suddenly restored at sunset, but at half-past five was again interrupted, this interruption being officially attributed to magnetic phenomena of terrestrial origin. The telegraphic service (says Reuter) had to be carried on by post. Internal communication in France was not interrupted.

It is interesting to note that a new cluster of sun-spots, measuring about 77,000 miles in length, has just been observed. The association between sun-spots and electrical, as distinct from atmospheric, storms thus receives a further proof.

STORMS AND FLOODS IN ITALY.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Venice, Sunday.

Serious floods are causing great damage in the surrounding country. Some thirty miles of land are submerged. Four persons have been swept away, together with a great number of cattle and some houses. Troops have been despatched with boats to assist in rescuing inhabitants. Railway communication is interrupted.

NEW NAVAL COMMANDERS-IN-CHIEF.

Vice-Admiral Hugo Lewis Pearson has been selected for the post of Commander-in-Chief at the Nore on the termination of Admiral A. H. Markham's appointment.

Rear-Admiral John Durnford, C.B., D.S.O., will succeed Rear-Admiral Sir A. W. Moore, K.C.B., C.M.G., as Commander-in-Chief on the Cape of Good Hope Station.

The new Commander-in-Chief at the Nore acted as Commander-in-Chief on the Australian station from 1898 to 1901, and was aide-de-camp to Queen Victoria from 1892 to 1895. He is 60 years of age. He has seen no war service.

Rear-Admiral Durnford, who is six years younger, received the Distinguished Service Order, and was mentioned in despatches, for his services in the Burma War of 1885-1886. In 1887 he commanded the Naval Brigade in Upper Burma, and was thanked by the Viceroy and the Secretary of State.

ALASKAN DISPUTE RE-FOUGHT.

The passengers on the Cedric, which has arrived at New York, were disturbed by an outburst of angry passion, arising out of the Alaska Boundary Award.

A Canadian passenger (says Laffan) denounced Messrs. Lodge and Turner, two United States members of the Commission, for influencing Lord Alverstone by obsequiousness and kindness. The American representatives declined a challenge to fight, but an unofficial American took up the gage and an "international fight" ensued on deck, until the officers interfered and so prevented a final decision.

THE LATE MRS. BOOTH-TUCKER.

Three thousand persons were present at a memorial service in Chicago for the late Mrs. Booth-Tucker, daughter of General Booth. Commander Booth-Tucker stood at the head of the coffin and delivered a speech on the work and character of the deceased woman. He will accompany the remains to New York, where the interment will take place.—Reuter.

RUSSIA'S FAR EAST NAVY.

A telegram from St. Petersburg to the "Lokalanzeiger" (Berlin) states that, in addition to the ordinary provision made in the Budget, the Russian Government has assigned a sum of £1,500,000 for the increase of the fleet, and £300,000 for fortifications at Port Arthur.

NEW AMBASSADOR.

It is announced at Vienna that Count Scezen has been appointed Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in London.

A memorial to the late Miss Charlotte Yonge, the well-known authoress, in the church opposite her old village home at Otterbourne, near Winchester, was dedicated yesterday.

YESTERDAY IN PARIS.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS FROM THE FRENCH CAPITAL.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Sunday Night.

To-day has been a typical Paris November day in the streets, with muggy heat and drizzling rain. The streets were unpleasantly muddy both for walking and driving. Altogether it has been a doleful day, such as is often experienced in London, where the dreariness and ennui of the Sunday accentuate the dullness.

Count Lamsdorff's Visit.

Count Lamsdorff left Paris at eight twenty-five this morning, arriving at Darmstadt this evening. His visit was marked with great cordiality on both sides. President Loubet was extremely pleased with the autograph letter from the Tsar. It is difficult, of course, to learn anything about the inner meaning of the visit, but there is little doubt that questions were discussed in reference to the troubles in the Far and the Near East.

Gossip in the newspaper offices here, which take the place of the London clubs, credits M. Delcassé with having expressed a strong opinion in favour of a conciliatory policy towards Japan, and also in favour of a policy of non-interference in the Balkans.

Bomb Explosion in a Church.

During Mass at the Belleville Church yesterday a bomb exploded, causing a panic. Two hundred women and children were in the church, but nobody was hurt. Police inquiries have resulted in a clue that is likely to lead to the arrest of the criminal at any moment. The church was crowded at to-day's services.

Emperor Lebaudy.

The proceedings against the Emperor of the Sahara, are proceeding. M. André, the magistrate who made the preliminary inquiries in the Humbert case, is collecting information preparatory to issuing orders summoning M. Lebaudy before the Court. There is some talk of M. Lépine's retirement owing to the regrettable brawls between the unemployed and the police last Thursday. It is said that M. Hamard, the Chief of the Surêté, may become the Prefect of Police, and that M. Lépine may be made Ambassador at Vienna in the place of De Reverseaux, who is anxious to retire. Though this is merely a rumour now, it is not beyond the bounds of possibility.

President as Sportsman.

When President Loubet became Chief of the State, the Chef du Protocole—who was at that time M. Philippe Crozier—was much exercised as to whether the new President would prove to be a good, bad, or indifferent shot. He need not have been in the least uneasy, for M. Loubet is a thorough sportsman, and enjoys nothing more than a good day with the birds. What he enjoys less, however, are the official shoots of which the first, in honour of the members of the Diplomatic Corps, took place at Compiègne yesterday, for several of the representatives of foreign Courts in Paris are by no means handy with the gun, and few of them vigorous enough to enjoy, as M. Loubet enjoys, a long tramp over rough ground.

M. Loubet's Woodpecker.

A novelty was introduced into yesterday's programme, owing to a chance shot of the President's during the visit of the King of Italy to Rambouillet. M. Loubet brought down a woodpecker, and by his orders a large number of these little birds will be preserved in Compiègne woods. The President explained that the woodpecker gives excellent sport to a smart shot, for though its flight is heavy, it is jerky, and the bird is not at all an easy one to hit upon the wing.

Bernhardt's New Premiere.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt has returned from her tour through France, Germany, and Holland, and is busily at work again, preparing for the premiere of Jane Wedekind, with which she is to open before this week ends. The play will show us Madame Sarah in the rôle which, as she laughingly remarked to some friends when she arrived, she plays better than all others in real life, for she will figure as a mother, and have to portray a mother's passions and a mother's sorrows.

The week will be prolific in premières, for Antoine, Cluny, the theatre Trionon, and the Nouveautés have all announced the opening programmes of the season. Jane Hading, too, who has been touring most successfully in South America, is on her homeward way, and it is said there is more than a possibility of her engagement at the Vaudeville, under M. Porel's management.

At the Ritz Hotel.

The real Paris season has hardly begun yet, but nevertheless the principal hotels are fairly full. There were dining at the Ritz Hotel last night M. Santos Dumont, Count Cassini, Princess Vladimir Orloff, Mr. and Mrs. A. Drexell, Izet Pasha, Madame de Yturbe, Countess Charles de Kinsky and Madame Emma Calvé. The following have arrived at the Ritz:—His Highness the Rajah of Podukotan, attended by Mr. and Mrs. F. Crossley, the Duke d'Albe, and Baron and Baroness de Meyer.

The News of London and the Provinces.

DEATH OF THE COUNTESS SPENCER.

A NOTABLE "GRANDE-DAME."

MESSAGES OF SYMPATHY FROM THE ROYAL FAMILY.

We regret to announce the death of the Countess Spencer, which occurred at Spencer House, St. James's-place, at one o'clock on Saturday, after a protracted illness.

On Saturday evening Lord Spencer received messages of condolence from the King and Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Christian, and other members of the royal family. There was a large number of callers at Spencer House, including the members of the Diplomatic Corps.

By the death of Lady Spencer England loses one of the few remaining representatives of a now bygone social order. She was *grande dame* above all things, and by virtue, not only of her position, but also of her dignified and striking personality, as well as her lofty character, it was always as a leader that she appeared in society. She was one of three handsome sisters, daughters of the late Mr. Frederick Seymour and Lady Mary Gordon. When, after her marriage to Earl Spencer, she had to take an important position in English social life, she became at once the leading hostess of the Liberal Party, and her receptions at Spencer House drew all the greatest people in London together. She was a great favourite with the late Queen, and indeed with all the Royal Family; and during her last illness Queen Alexandra and Princess Christian were among the most constant inquirers.

Her Work in Ireland.

During the two periods when Lord Spencer was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland she gave him the most valuable help on the social side of his duties. The Irish Viceregal court was probably never more brilliant or more dignified than during Lord Spencer's term of office; and the energy with which he and Lady Spencer threw themselves into everything that might prove of benefit to the country, and the gracious and dignified manner in which they performed the difficult duties of their office, will long be remembered in Ireland.

Those who have had the privilege of visiting her at Althorp can never think of Lady Spencer apart from her country home. Far more than many houses which have been especially designed by the owners, it seemed to form a perfect setting for her fine and dignified character. Although it has been the chief home of the Spencers for four centuries, one can hardly believe that it ever had a more stately chateau, or one who more truly represented the ancient and patrician dignity which it enshrined. Many will remember her handsome, upright figure walking in the beautiful garden that she loved to care for, or moving about the brilliant room filled with the treasures of Velasquez, Vandyck, Murillo, Watteau, Holbein, Rembrandt, Reynolds, Lely, and a host of others; and many who thus saw her cannot but have reflected how handsomely her environment became her, and how well her character was suited with its ancient and lofty dignities.

A Great Loss.

Lady Spencer, for all her seriousness and intellectual dignity, was one who did not despise, but thoroughly understood, the art of dressing. She was always one of the best-dressed women in any assemblage at which she was present, and nearly always wore dresses of velvet—a material of which she was extremely fond.

At Court she was a very striking figure, always easily recognisable by her great diamond tiara, which suited her so well. Although latterly she has not been seen much in society, she will be missed by all who have seen her there. She was one of those of whom it may truly be said, that their world seems not the same, but a poorer place for their absence.

THE FISCAL CAMPAIGN.

The following are the main points from Saturday's speeches by notable politicians:—Sir William Harcourt, at Manchester:—The Cabinet ship had been re-masted, and had now a scratch crew.

The Government said their great plan was not ripe. There was a fruit which was rotten before it was ripe—a fruit most appropriately called the medlar—and that was the condition of this great plan.

Protection could not raise wages. In France and Germany—protectionist countries—the average wage was 22s. 6d. a week, against 36s. in England.

If it was true that the foreigner paid import taxes, why not raise the whole revenue by taxing the foreigner!

"Dumping a Nightmare."

Mr. Asquith at Paisley:—"Dumping" was a nightmare. Official statistics showed that there had been no substantial displacement of British capital from that cause.

Mr. Chamberlain's policy was a lop-sided preference, which must lead to heart-burning in the Colonies, bitter resentment among English working people, and a gradual wearing away of the Imperial tie.

"MASTER, THE KING."

THE DINNER AT THE MIDDLE TEMPLE TO-NIGHT.

To-night his Majesty fulfils the first function of a barrister by dining in Hall with his fellow-members of the Middle Temple. For the modest outlay of two shillings each a couple of hundred lawyers and students will enjoy the privilege of sitting down to dinner in company with the King. All but fifty of them, who claimed by seniority, will take their places after a ballot, in which there were about five applicants for every seat.

Summoned by discordant blasts from an ancient horn, Templars ordinarily dine, after the fashion of their forefathers, at six o'clock, upon simple fare of roast and boiled, ably seconded by a good allowance of generous wine.

This evening's menu will be more diversified, and, in courtly deference to regal tastes, the feast is postponed to eight. Otherwise the usual customs peculiar to Grand Night will be observed.

Once more the loving cup, presented by his Majesty during his year of trusteeship, will go the rounds filled with its mysterious but delicious brew.

No speeches are expected, though for this night only a military band will occupy the gallery over the famous carved oak screen.

The royal path to forensic honours was agreeably rapid. Two and forty years ago the Prince was entered as a student, called to the Bar, and instantly promoted to the dignity of Master of the Bench.

To-night, therefore, "Master, the King," to adopt Temple phraseology, will assist as a host to receive the guests of his Inn. His Majesty, although he has not conferred upon himself the rank of K.C., will wear the gown of silk which denotes that distinguished status, and as he joins in the customary procession of Benchers a right royal welcome will assuredly be accorded by his brother barristers.

ANGLO-FRENCH RELATIONS.

The members of the City of London International Commercial Association returned to London on Saturday evening, after their agreeable experiences in Paris. During their stay they were received with an enthusiasm of which they speak in the highest terms.

Before leaving, the Minister of Commerce conferred the honour of Officier de l'Académie on six of the members. The management of the reception in Paris was in the hands of a kindred society, the members of which number more than 10,000.

The President of the Commercial Association of Paris has received the following telegram from King Edward's private secretary:

I am commanded by his Majesty to inform you that he is greatly touched by the toast proposed by the Minister of Commerce, which was couched in such flattering terms and was so warmly applauded.

DISTINGUISHED INVALIDS.

Lady Beatrice Rawson: Progressing favourably.

Sir J. Blundell Maple: Improvement maintained.

Mr. James Lowther: Greatly improved.

Mrs. Harry McCalmont: Rather better, but not yet out of danger.

Mr. John Penn, M.P.: Improving.

Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P.: Making satisfactory progress.

Mrs. Cyril Maude: Progressing favourably.

TWO BIRTHDAYS.

By a curious coincidence, the birthday of the *Daily Mirror* is also that of the "Morning Post," which made its first appearance on November 2, 1772, at the price of 1d. Before the close of the eighteenth century the price was 6d., and in the early years of the nineteenth century it was 7d. By successive reductions it became 5d., 4d., and 3d., at which figure it kept for many years. It returned to its original price of one penny on June 27, 1881, the day on which Lefroy murdered Mr. Gold.

HELPED TO SAVE THE VICTORY.

At Portsmouth yesterday, Admiral Sir John Fisher presented to Captain T. J. H. Rapson, King's harbourmaster, and Mr. W. H. Ward, chief constructor, the Royal Victorian Order. The decorations were specially conferred by the King for the skill shown by the two officers in docking H.M.S. Victory (Nelson's famous ship), after she was damaged in the collision with the Neptune.

The King and Queen of Italy will lunch with the Lord Mayor on Thursday, the 19th inst.

Mr. John Morley was on Saturday elected to an honorary fellowship at All Souls, Oxford.

Yesterday morning a huge fleece mills, with worsted-spinning machinery and stock, was destroyed by fire at Keighley. Damage £30,000.

About 150 transport officers, mostly captains of transports in the late war, will be received and decorated with the transport medal by the King at Buckingham Palace on Wednesday.

THAMES FLOODS.

SERIOUS OVERFLOW AT MAIDENHEAD AND WINDSOR.

The continuance of heavy and almost constant rain is having very serious consequences in the Thames valley, and the outlook this morning is in some districts little short of alarming. The river at most places was yesterday afternoon still rising.

At Maidenhead yesterday there was a singular spectacle. Far beyond the river banks the waters have been spreading, and for miles around Maidenhead there is a heavy flood. Roads are impassable, and tracks of country resemble lakes. The occupants of the lower houses in Maidenhead are in sorry plight, numbers of them being unable to leave their habitations except in punts. If rain continues the consequences must become disastrous.

The Thames at Windsor yesterday was four feet above the high-water mark. The embankment built at Windsor recently is keeping the Thames water out of the Royal borough, but is sending it over to Eton, and the Eton broads and a large portion of the playing fields are under water. At the back of Eton High-street a tract of land is submerged. The Eton College football eleven was able to play a match on Saturday, but several times the ball was kicked into flood water. The Eton Excelsior Rowing Club's raft has been demolished by the rush of water, and the heavy raft was sunk below Romney Lock on Saturday. One of the Royal estates is flooded, and large tracts of land are under water at Datchet, Wrybury, and Old Windsor. Several roads in the Windsor neighbourhood are impassable for pedestrians. From the heights of Windsor Castle a splendid view can be had of miles of inundated land along the Thames valley.

PRINCESS LOUISE'S WORK.

Princess Louise has now almost completed the bronze memorial to the Colonial who fell in the South African war, which is to be placed in St. Paul's. The memorial, about twelve feet high, represents two allegorical figures, and now only a small part of the wing of one figure remains to be modelled for the whole to be ready for the bronze casting.

Her Royal Highness did a great deal of the modelling during the past London season, spending all the time she could spare from social duties in her studio at Kensington Palace. Now, however, she is giving only an hour or two a day to the work.

HOSPITAL SHOPPING DAY.

In 1,900 London shops to-morrow the proprietors will set apart a portion of the receipts to assist King Edward's Hospital Fund. The adverse criticism with which the proposal was met in many quarters has not discouraged the committee.

Lord Duncannon, the chairman, states that the support promised has been gratifying. In Regent-street no fewer than forty-two shopkeepers have fallen in with the suggestion, while in Piccadilly thirty-nine have given their adherence. The Sloane-street, Knightsbridge, Westminster, and Oxford-street districts furnish a large degree of support.

TO-DAY'S ELECTIONS.

To-day the municipal voters of London have to elect between 1,300 and 1,400 councillors in the twenty-eight boroughs of the metropolis. These are the first elections since the boroughs were constituted three years ago.

It is calculated that there is an army of 2,500 candidates in the field. In the ranks are to be found four M.P.'s, over twenty members of the London County Council, and a large sprinkling of ex-officers of the Army and Navy. The controversy over the Education Act has attracted a surprisingly large number of clerical candidates, no fewer than fifty-six of various denominations having come forward.

ARRIVAL OF MRS. DOWIE.

The Cunarder Saxonia arrived at Liverpool late last night with Mrs. Dowie, the wife of Dr. "Elijah" Dowie, whose religious meetings in New York have caused so much turmoil, and their son, Dr. Gladstone Dowie.

It has been reported that Mrs. Dowie was about to open a "campaign" here, but this, she said, was untrue. She is going to spend a fortnight in England "doing what good she can," and then she will travel to Paris, and, after a short rest, proceed to Australia, where she will be joined by Dr. Dowie.

She derived much inward satisfaction from the fact that when the Saxonia was 640 miles from Boston a beautifully-plumaged owl flew on board and was captured, and became a great pet with the passengers. "It was a good omen," she said.

LONDON CENTENARIAN.

The death is reported of Mr. William Edwards, of 41, Havel-street, Camberwell, who, according to records considered reliable, attained the age of 105 years. He is said to have been proud that he had never recorded a vote at a contested election, and had never been mentioned in the newspapers. He was a waste paper merchant.

The extraordinary nature of the demand for the *Daily Mirror* will render it very difficult for us to provide all our readers with a copy of the paper each day, and we would urge you therefore to, as far as possible, make sure of obtaining one by seeing your newsagent during the course of to-day.

SHORT TELEGRAMS.

The Flute of Pan.

Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes") has been in Nottingham several days, rehearsing Miss Olga Nethersole's company in her new comedy, "The Flute of Pan," which is to shortly be produced at Birmingham.

Home, Sweet Home.

The finest cornet player in East Lancashire, Mr. John Ford, died in Victoria Hospital at Burnley on Saturday. Even after he had undergone an operation he played to the other patients in the ward. His last selection was "Home, Sweet Home."

Motoring Backwards.

Mr. Percy Brennan, Chapel-street, Belgrave-square, was fined £10 at Beaconsfield on Saturday for causing his motor-car to travel backward a greater distance than was reasonable. The real offence was that he had gone back to warn other motorists of a police trap.

"C.B." as a Freeman.

The Royal burgh of Dunfermline on Saturday conferred the freedom of the city on Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. In returning thanks he alluded with obvious pleasure to the fact that the freemen's list contained such names as Sir Walter Scott, Kossuth, and Mr. Andrew Carnegie.

After a Month's Absence.

Mr. E. H. Morgan, a bank manager of Southend, well known in yachting circles, has been found alive and well at Dover. He left Southend in his yacht alone over a month ago, and was believed to have been drowned at sea. As a matter of fact a reward had been offered for the recovery of his body.

A Rector's Signature Forged.

Cheques from the cheque-book of a parish council in Carmarthen have been improperly filled in, and a schoolmaster, Charles Weston, in whose schoolroom the book was kept, was on Saturday committed for trial at the assizes on the charge of writing on cheques for £5 10s. and £85 the signature of the rector, the Rev. E. T. Wolfe, whose name was also attached to six more cheques for various amounts found in the accused's possession when he was arrested.

A Novelty from Newbury.

Having stripped off lead from the roof of the Cattle Market, three boys of Newbury "coined" dies resembling pennies, with the result that they obtained a continuous supply of sweetmeats without charge. Over 160 discs having been discovered in two automatic machines, an expert of the Sweetmeat Automatic Co. set to work to discover the tricksters, and the three coiners mentioned above were caught in the act. The magistrates have bound them over to come up for punishment when called upon.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Settling Days: Consols, Nov. 5; stocks and shares, Nov. 11-12.
Bank Rate: 4 per cent. (raised from 3 per cent. Sept. 3, 1903.)

Saturday on the Stock Exchange saw practically no business done, and a very scanty attendance. This was entirely attributable to the fact that to-day is the usual 1st November holiday, observed a day late owing to yesterday being Sunday. It is one of the fixed institutions on the Stock Exchange, and dates back into the practice of the eighteenth century.

Many members were absent on Saturday, taking advantage of the chance of getting a three days' break without affecting business.

There was one small failure announced. Sometimes, of course, these Stock Exchange failures cause a good deal of trouble, for the stocks held speculatively by the unfortunate member who finds himself in difficulties have to be sold, and this forced selling on an unwilling market, and the deficiencies in arranging the accounts of the member who has come to grief, often accentuate trouble elsewhere. Only a few weeks ago one of the greatest failures ever threatening the Stock Exchange was averted merely by the leading financial houses of the country coming to the rescue and facing a deficiency of assets of practically £750,000. Happily Saturday's failure was a mere trifle, Mr. H. E. Phillips, the unfortunate member concerned, being a dealer in quite an unimportant way in American Rails.

Had the failure been important, American Rails already a weak enough market, would have broken badly. As it was, in spite of New York Stock Exchange advances, the American market showed a slightly braver front, though there are still fears for the safety of some of the American financial trusts, and this may necessitate gold being sent from this country to America.

The fears of these gold exports—and on Saturday large sums were withdrawn for Egypt and South America, £150,000 in all—tend to make people in the City rather afraid of higher interest rates. But, in spite of this, and the fact that speculators have to face the Settlement in Consols on Thursday, Consols themselves held their own fairly well.

The buying which was observable until Thursday evening in Home Rails has evidently come to an end, and there seemed to be more forced selling to close the accounts of people who have got out of their depth. Much the same also applies to Grand Trunks, and to some extent to Mexican Rails, though as regards the former it was less observable on Saturday.

Mining shares were quite idle. West Australians, in which professionals and financial interests have lately been trying to work up enthusiasm, held their own, and even showed some improvement, but otherwise there was very little that was noteworthy here, as elsewhere.

Speculators in Copper shares, however, took heart of grace from the satisfactory reports published at the end of the week by the leading firms of metal brokers, who showed that stocks of the metal were low, that European producers had practically sold out until the end of the year, that consumers were active inquirers, and that the American manipulation, in connection with which the great group of the Amalgamated Copper Company's mines were recently closed down, have the situation at their mercy.

Law, Police, and Miscellaneous News.

THREE TIMES FORGIVEN.

DIVORCED AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS OF MARRIED LIFE.

Mr. Justice Barnes was engaged on Saturday hearing defended divorce cases without juries.

Arthur Percy Douglas, secretary of a limited company having offices at Manchester, sought to have his marriage dissolved on account of the misconduct of his wife with a co-respondent of the name of Finkelstein, whose position was not stated.

Mr. Priestley, K.C., who appeared for petitioner, said that the marriage took place on February 20, 1888, at Hulme, Manchester, and there were three children. Husband and wife lived at Liverpool, Manchester, and finally at Salford. It was one of those cases which showed the results of drink. On no fewer than four occasions they separated, and the husband took his wife back three times.

In December, 1902, there had been "a drinking bout" on her part, which went on for two or three days. While he was at work one of his daughters rushed into the office and complained that her mother had thrown a stool at her. After that he refused to live with his wife any longer.

On March 29 she appeared to have made the acquaintance of the co-respondent at Pendleton. In the course of the evidence a private inquiry agent said he followed Finkelstein home on that occasion, and was thereby enabled to find out his name and address. Decree nisi, with custody of the children.

"Uncle Joe" Suit.

The Court of Appeal has fixed to-day for the hearing of an appeal in the divorce action of Worsley v. Worsley.

This is the suit that was generally known as the "Uncle Joe" case, which occupied the greater part of five days in November last. The wife, Mrs. Worsley, who lived near Manchester, and uncle, a cotton-broker, were found guilty of misconduct, and damages were given against the uncle to the amount of £1,500. Since the trial one of petitioner's witnesses had, said counsel, confessed that the evidence given by him was false, and a detective named George, another witness, had been convicted of perjury in connection with the case.

THREE THUMBS.

A man with two thumbs on his right hand is wanted by the French postal authorities. Louis F. Dube, who answered to the description of the culprit, was before Mr. Fenwick at Bow-street on Saturday. He was arrested in Jersey, where he stated that he was related to the great Duke of Orleans, and that he would eventually come into a large fortune. He worked in the fields for the alleged purpose of studying agriculture, and when arrested was exceedingly violent. He worked in coarse clothes, but carried a better suit about with him. He was committed for extradition.

REASONABLE INTEREST.

In the King's Bench Division, during the hearing of the case, Edwards v. Hamilton, it was stated that plaintiff, a Hounslow money-lender, had advanced £600 to defendant, a Leeds warehouseman, for company promotion expenses, taking bills for £750. The interest was 60 per cent. per annum, but was afterwards reduced to 48 per cent. Plaintiff had received £400 of principal and £289 interest, and now sued for the balance. His lordship thought the bargain was not harsh, and entered judgment for plaintiff.

MONEY ORDERS AND CHEMICALS.

Alfred Ernest Davies, giving an address at Maida Vale, London, was committed for trial at Spalding on Saturday for manipulating money orders. The prosecution suggest that 2s. money orders were by a chemical process altered to £10.

A spirit lamp, a photographic developing dish, and a flat-iron were found in his possession, as well as a number of manipulated orders similar to three he had passed on tradesmen.

When arrested he attempted to shoot himself.

YORKSHIREMAN'S BROKEN HEART.

Henry Wright, of Harrogate, who died in a hotel at Euston-road from the effects of poison, left the following message: "Rather than live with a broken heart in despair of the girl I love, I will die with a broken heart and be true to her."

ALIEN CRIMINALS.

Sir Alfred Newton, at the Guildhall police court said they needed a permanent interpreter on account of the enormous number of foreigners who were now charged with crimes.

Lady Samuel will give her last musical reception to-morrow at the Mansion House, and will be presented with a souvenir of Sir Marcus Samuel's mavoralty.

ALLEGED EXTENSIVE THEFTS.

SUPPOSED CAPTURE OF A CLEVER GANG.

At Southwark Police Court, Edward Brookes, 40, no home, agent; Percy Fryer, 25, of 19, Ontario-street, London-road, grocer's assistant; and Kitty Parkinson, 28, married, of 11, St. Mary-street, Lambeth, were charged before Mr. Cecil Chapman with being concerned together in stealing, on October 29, from Borough-road Railway Station of the South-Eastern and Chatham Company, a trunk and contents, of the total value of £12, the property of Emma Buckingham, barmaid, of Lingham-street, Clapham-road.

The prisoners, who were smartly dressed, are regarded by the police as an important capture, and are said to be wanted all over London for robbing and defrauding servants.

Prosecutrix said she advertised for a situation, and the prisoner Brookes called upon her, representing that his name was Wood, and that he was the proprietor of the "Alexandra," Wood Green. He desired to engage her services. Next day she received a letter-card, stating that her references were satisfactory, and that Mr. and Mrs. Wood would call for her. They called accordingly with a cab, and the witness got it, and her box was put on the top. The box was left at Borough-road station cloak room. The person who represented herself as Mrs. Wood was the prisoner Parkinson. They drove to King's Cross, where Mr. Wood borrowed a few shillings of the witness, and the pair then left her, giving directions to the cabman to drive her to Wood Green. Arriving at the "Alexandra," witness was told that Mr. and Mrs. Wood were unknown there, and that no barmaid was wanted.

Evidence was given connecting the prisoner Fryer with the removal of the box from Borough-road station to his lodging at Ontario-street. The male prisoners admitted that they were brothers. All were remanded in custody, bail being refused.

CUTTING TELEGRAPH WIRES.

Three Earlsfield boys were charged at Wimbledon on Saturday with being concerned in the theft of a quantity of telephone and telegraph wire, belonging to the London and South-Western Railway Company.

Their method was to climb the poles on which the wires were fixed, to cut the wire with pincers, and then to stow it away in sacks until an opportunity arrived for removing it. Disastrous consequences might have resulted from these operations, for on more than one occasion all communication between the railway signal-boxes was cut off.

The boys were remanded, as the railway company wished to be represented at their trial.

STRANGE "MARRIAGE" STORY.

The unusual charges of making a false marriage certificate and of representing it to be a truthful document were made against Frank Collett, forty-five, a schoolmaster, of Barton-le-Clay, Bedfordshire, at Bow-street on Saturday.

The prisoner, referring to Miss Nellie Gertrude Buss, said:

"Nell and I came to London, and bought a ring. We then proceeded to St. Martin's Church, Charing Cross. We sat in a pew side by side. She placed her hand in mine, and I put the ring on her finger, and we mutually agreed to be true to each other. There was no certificate given, only a paper I gave her during the week, expressing that we had promised to be true to each other. The prisoner was remanded."

IN A NURSE'S UNIFORM.

An elderly woman, attired in the uniform of a nurse, has been victimising cottagers at Monks Resborough, who provided her with a week's board and lodging, in successive weeks, on the strength of plausible assurances.

The police procured evidence of convictions for similar offences at Cheltenham, Ramsgate, and Portsmouth; and on Saturday the Aylesbury magistrates sentenced the accused, Clara Ewbank, to three months' imprisonment.

FREEDING MAIDENHEAD BRIDGE.

At midnight on Saturday there was a scene of intense enthusiasm and excitement on Maidenhead Bridge. The corporation have freed the bridge of tolls, and the occasion was celebrated in a remarkable manner. Mr. Joseph Taylor, of Eton, who is well known in the district for the part he took in freeing the Windsor Bridge from tolls, drove over on a motor-car to Maidenhead Bridge. Hundreds of people had assembled, and as many as could get near the bridge took an active part in demolishing the bars and hurling them into the river.

DEATH FROM GRIEF.

Hannah Parker, aged 62, residing in All-croft-road, Kentish Town, died from a broken heart. Her husband expired last week, and the woman, in her grief, refused food. This brought on an attack of syncope.

"The Greatest Scoundrel Living" is the title of a melodrama to be played at the Lyric, Hammersmith, to-night.

SAVOY HOTEL ACCIDENTS.

ANOTHER WORKMAN KILLED AT THE BUILDING.

The rapidly-rising Savoy Hotel extension works in the Strand, which are being carried out by American methods, have been attended by another fatal occurrence, this being the third serious accident.

Five workmen were descending in a lift, which, it is stated, should not have been used by them, on Saturday morning, when the rope broke, and they fell eighty feet to the ground. One of them, James Parsons, a married man with eight children, died in Charing Cross Hospital from the injuries he received, and the other four men were badly hurt. Parsons had only started work on Wednesday after being unemployed for seven weeks.

Some hours later a girder, weighing three tons, fell on a workman at the same building, and broke both his legs.

Last September a crane collapsed; and at the inquest which was held on the victim it was suggested that the "hustling" methods of the firm of contractors was to blame. A representative of the General Labourers' Amalgamated Union alleged that the firm (Messrs. Mayol and Halery) had boasted that they would complete in twelve months a contract which would have taken any other firm three times as long.

The contractors' foreman stated that the rain had loosened the fastenings of the crane. The jury, however, censured the firm for not constructing the crane in a more secure manner, and immediately after the accident the defective machinery was repaired.

THE OLDEST OMNIBUS DRIVER.

In the birth-number of the *Daily Mirror*, with its realisation of enlarged interests and developments, there may fitly be recorded the retirement of a man long associated with an old-time institution of London, which is itself rapidly undergoing transformation. Starting as a bus driver in 1842, Mr. James Parry reluctantly abandoned the reins and carried off his whip for the last time on Saturday afternoon.

Although over eighty, Mr. Parry promises to take many a holiday on the box-seat before he finally bids farewell to the streets of London.

FUNERAL OF M. SAGOUNI.

The funeral of M. Sagouni took place at Camberwell Cemetery, Forest Hill, on Saturday. There were numbers of Armenians present, and outside the house the crowd was so great that a large force of police had to keep order.

The Rev. Theodore Isaac, of Manchester, the only ordained Armenian priest in England, conducted the service. Wearing a black silk gown and a skull cap, he blessed the body in the street, standing at the left of the hearse.

There was another great crowd at the cemetery, and the utmost difficulty was experienced by the mourners in gaining admittance to the mortuary chapel, where a brief service, ending with an address from the priest, was conducted.

SPEED OF ELECTRIC CARS.

At West London Police Court four tramcar drivers employed by the London United Electric Tramcar Co. appeared to answer summonses for driving cars at a speed exceeding ten miles an hour.

Mr. Moffat Ford, of the Motor Car Co., who was the complainant, had said that the cars travelled from 15½ to 17 miles an hour. Mr. Muir, for the Company, asserted that none of the cars could travel faster than thirteen miles an hour.

Colonel M. H. Purcell, who had made tests for the Board of Trade, said that cars which he tested travelled at speeds which were over twelve, over thirteen, and over fourteen miles an hour. There was a further adjournment.

LUNACY AND MARRIAGE.

In an address before the Psycho-Therapeutic Society on Saturday evening, Dr. Forbes Winslow said one-fourth of the present cases of lunacy were attributable to drink. Among those who should not be allowed to marry were the previously insane, habitual drunkards, paralytics, epileptics, consumptives, those suffering from cancer, and those in whose families insanity was hereditary.

MEMORIAL TO A STATESMAN.

At Ealing on Saturday the foundation-stone was laid of All Saints' Church, which is being erected as a memorial of Mr. Spencer Perceval, who was assassinated in the Lobby of the House of Commons while he was Premier in 1812. The site of the church formed part of the grounds of the house which Mr. Perceval occupied prior to his death.

The London County Council tramway receipts for the week ended October 24 amounted to £9,901 11s. 5½d., an increase of £2,354 16s. 11½d. over last year. The number of passengers carried during 207 days of this year was 2,594,443.

FRAUDS IN FUR.

CURIOUS DETAILS CONCERNING A STRANGE TRADE.

The London Chamber of Commerce, working in conjunction with the Furriers' Association, have just issued a letter trying to check the particularly barefaced frauds which are too prevalent in the fur trade.

Few people realise the extent to which the preparation of "fraudulent" furs is carried on (in direct contravention of the Merchandise Marks Act), nor the ingenuity expended in "faking" skins to meet the requirements of purchasers whose ambitions exceed their dress allowances, and whose credulity is equal to the strain of believing that such terms as "electric-seal" and "real Russian, mink, marmot, and sable" stand for mysterious furry beasts whose pelts combine all the qualities of genuine seal and sable without their attendant costliness.

A sealskin coat may cost from £40 to £100, but the fur "doctor" will produce a garment for as low a retail price as £20—a wrap warranted to be genuine Alaska seal, but in reality fashioned of skilfully-manipulated nutria or other skins dyed and pulled into a semblance of the real article.

Dyed Rabbit Skins.

The skins of rabbits and hares are requisitioned to play many parts in the manufacture of so-called "natural" furs. A white rabbit skin, value one shilling, will, when suitably dyed, masquerade as chinchilla, a small skin of which is worth quite forty times that amount.

Both mink and marmot, as well as baumarten and stonemarten, are frequently sold as sable, and such designations as "mink-marmot" or "musquash-sable" must be taken to mean that the cheaper fur has been artificially made to resemble the more valuable one whose name is attached. Since a sable-coloured musquash coat will only cost £35, as compared to the £380 which must be paid for a similar coat of Russian sable, the advantage to the dealer who disposes of musquash at nearly sable prices is apparent.

An operation extremely difficult for any but an expert to detect is the insertion of white hairs, pulled out of badger skins, into black fox or sable furs, naturally guiltless of any such relief. Each white hair is drawn through the skin with a needle and fastened into the leather itself, and troublesome as the process is it enables the finished skin to sell for a considerably higher price.

THEATRES V. MUSIC-HALLS.

The theatre managers of London have arrived at the decision, as the result of a conference held at Drury-lane Theatre, to take measures to test the legality of the music-hall managers' claim to the right of producing stage "sketches," which, it is contended, are plays.

The music-hall proprietors are not averse to having the dispute determined by the legal tribunal.

Mr. Charles Morton, of the Palace Theatre, will probably be selected as the first defendant.

PRIMATE AND NONCONFORMISTS.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has forwarded to Dr. Horton, of Hampstead, a letter in which his Grace suggests that the difference of opinion separating Nonconformists and Churchmen on educational matters is much smaller than is commonly supposed. He hopes Dr. Horton and his friends will meet him in a further conference to remove existing causes of offence or misunderstanding on both sides.

IRISH V. SWISS LACE.

The demand for Swiss lace in England has fallen 40 per cent. during the last six months, and workpeople and manufacturers are jointly experiencing a bad time. Our Geneva correspondent informs us that the depression is attributed in part to the impetus given to the Irish lace trade by the King's visit to Ireland.

BATHING-PLACE FOR WOMEN.

The London County Council will have before it to-morrow a recommendation of the Parks Committee that a lake in Victoria Park, which is enclosed and entirely screened by trees, shall be prepared as a bathing-place for women.

LATEST MAIL NEWS.

Outward mails leave London to-morrow for the following countries:—
Africa (East) | Egypt
Africa (West) | Beirut
Inland mails are due to-morrow from:—
Canada | Japan
China

(Reports from Lloyds.)

OMRAH, Sydney for London, left Marseilles at 3 a.m. yesterday.

AUSTRALASIAN, Sydney for London, left Table Bay on Saturday.

BOHEMIA, Bombay for Liverpool, arrived Marseilles on Saturday.

GALICIAN, for Southampton and London, left Table Bay on Saturday.

INYATI, Natal for London, arrived at Las Palmas on Saturday.

NERA, Marseilles for Sydney, arrived at Fremantle 4 p.m. Saturday.

To-day's Social News of Town and Country.

YESTERDAY IN TOWN.

45 and 46, New Bond Street,
Sunday Night.

The 1st of November dawned dull, cold, and rainy; but after lunch the sun shone out brilliantly.

In the morning, however, the intervals of fine weather, at least the intervals without rain, gave point to the remark made by one cabman to another in Piccadilly, "What's the matter? It isn't raining!"

The morning of yesterday, however, was delightful, and consequently there were plenty of people to be seen about. Sloane-street, always a centre of interest on a Saturday morning, was full of life and movement. At one corner half-way down, where stands a big basket of flowers, making a brilliant spot of colour against a dull grey wall, Mrs. French Brewster, wrapped up in a fur cape, was chatting to Miss Douglas, whose arms were full of chrysanthemums. In Bond-street Mrs. Hedworth Barclay was walking, wearing a picturesque black hat, with one of the new loose veils, and Lady Howe was very much interested in the progress of Blandford House, which is at last nearing completion.

Lady Agnes Durham, in biscuit-coloured cloth, with a hat to match, was in a hansom with her husband; Mrs. William West, dressed in dark blue, was to be seen in Grosvenor-place; Mrs. Lawrence Currie, in pale grey, with a dark blue hat, was driving in an electric brougham with her little daughter, and Mrs. Charles Leveson-Gower, wearing black, was on foot.

At Luncheon.

There are usually a good many cheery luncheon parties at the various restaurants on Saturday, but yesterday, in spite of so many people being in town, there were, on the whole, fewer than usual. Lord and Lady Carnarvon, the latter dressed in dark blue, with a short pleated skirt, were lunching at the Carlton Hotel with Captain Milligan; and Colonel and Mrs. Hall Walker, just back from Newmarket, were also there; Mrs. Walker wearing an all-mauve coat and skirt, with feathers of a lighter shade in her toque.

A Private View.

Early in the afternoon everybody seemed to be at Miss Howard's wedding, but later on a great many people met again at the Fine Art Gallery in New Bond-street, where a collection of water-colours by Sir Edward Poynter were on view.

The Dowager Lady Headfort was there, and Lady Grey-Egerton also, looking very handsome. Lady Blois was talking to some friends, and so was Lady Seton. Mr. Sant was greeted by many people, and Sir William Richmond, Sir Philip Burne-Jones, and Sir Edgar Boehm were paying particular attention to the pictures.

Dinners and Dinners.

Not only were there several private dinner-parties last night, Consuelo Duchess of Manchester being among the hostesses, but many restaurant dinners as well. At Claridge's, which was exceptionally full, were Lord and Lady Ebury, who were dining together. Lord and Lady Clancarty; Lady Warwick, who is up in town for a few days, but whose health, we are sorry to hear, is not of the best, was also dining in the restaurant, as were Sir Charles and Lady Brownlow with a party.

Lady Downe was to be seen at the Hans Crescent Hotel, and at the Hyde Park were Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Glyn, while the diners at the Carlton Hotel included Sir Edward and Lady Clarke.

At The Play.

All the "popular" plays drew large houses last night. Lady Gerard, in black, with diamonds, was included in the audience enjoying "Little Mary," and Lady Isobel Kerr was in the stalls at the Prince of Wales's. Lady Blandford was with some friends at the Apollo, and the Duke of Grafton accompanied a party to "Cousin Kate."

Church Parade.

There was a very fair attendance at church parade this morning, but doubtless many people were kept away by the threatening aspect of the weather. The Duchess of Portland, dressed in dark brown, was walking with the Duke; Lady Churston, wearing corduroy brown velvet, was talking to a group of friends, and Lady Kintore wore a very smart grey dress.

Mrs. Rupert Beckett looked very handsome in a similar shade of brown. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Charteris were together, the latter looking pretty in dark blue with white furs, and Mrs. Henry Hohler was with her husband. Mrs. Harry Higgins, in black, was with her husband, and Mrs. Montagu Tharp was also dressed in black. Mrs. Sidney Jolliffe and Captain Lowther, both in bath-chairs, were surrounded with friends, the latter escorted also by his daughter, Miss Aimée Lowther; and there were plenty of men walking up and down, among them General Oliphant, Lord Rendlesham, Sir Savile Crossley, Mr. Humphrey Sturt, and Mr. Montague Guest.

A Royal Dinner.

The King dined this evening with Consuelo Duchess of Manchester at her house in Portman-square, and among the very small party invited to meet his Majesty were Sir Edward and Lady Colebrooke.

SOCIAL CHIT-CHAT.

The return of Queen Alexandra to Sandringham, even after a short absence, always has about it that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. Her Majesty is passionately devoted to her Norfolk home, for there the bright and happy years of her early married life were spent. This time the Queen will have the constant company of her youngest grandchild, Princess Charles of Denmark's fine little boy, as Appleton is quite close to Sandringham.

The Queen spends Sunday in a quiet, old-fashioned way. She never misses church, wet or fine, and her reverent demeanour when within the little fane, so beautified by royal offerings, sets an example to all present. Even when entertaining a large week-end party, as will be the case the end of this week, her Majesty makes a point of enjoying a quiet Sunday, and as much as it is possible she arranges for each member of her large household to have some Sabbath rest.

It is hoped that not only the Queen, but the Queen of Italy as well, will be present on the first day of the Irish Industries Sale at Windsor on the 19th of this month. There will be no formal opening ceremony, but the sale will begin at 2.30 each afternoon.

Lady Dudley is the president, and is coming over specially from Ireland to take charge of her stall, while Lady Londonderry, the president of the London Committee, will go down to Windsor each day, to preside over the Association stall.

The Duchess of Abercorn, Lady Waterford, Lady Bandon, Lady Lucan, Lady Castlerosse, Lady Duncannon, and Lady Mayo are all taking charge of the stalls of their separate industries; but the Association stall will be the largest, having as helpers Lady Aberdeen, Lady Kilmorey, the Dowager Lady Arran, Lady Helen Stawordale, Lady Arthur Hill, and Lady Bective, amongst others.

One would imagine that no Englishman or Englishwoman could possibly have mistaken the King for another man. Yet, at the last Kempton Races, a lady, coming across King Edward in the enclosure, mistook him momentarily for a friend of hers, and, holding out her hand, exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. S.!" The King took off his hat, smiled, and looked down at his racing card. The lady only then realised her error.

The Prince of Wales has decided to sell some of the statuary in Marlborough House by private treaty, and cards to view them may be had from the architect under whose supervision the improvements are being carried out. The lift which Queen Alexandra had erected so that the royal children could be lowered from the nursery to her boudoir without awakening them has been put into working order again.

Lady Dudley has had mounted for presentation to the Queen a beautiful river pearl, which was found in Ireland during the visit of the King and Queen. This pearl, which is of unusual size, hangs free below a royal crown composed of diamonds and emeralds, and forms a pendant which will remain as a charming souvenir of a delightful trip.

Lord and Lady Cadogan, who leave town to-day for Wynyard, where they will pay a visit to Lord and Lady Londonderry, are to be the guests of Lord and Lady Derby at Knowsley next week for the Liverpool Races.

Subsequently Lord Cadogan pays a visit to Lord and Lady Burton at Rangemore for the Derby meeting, but Lady Cadogan will be unable to accompany him, as she has promised to sell at the Irish Industries Sale at Windsor. There will be no house parties at Culford Hall until the 23rd, when Lord and Lady Cadogan intend having a large party to meet the Prince and Princess of Wales.

The new Ambassador to the United States and Lady Durand are expected to arrive in London in about ten days. Lady Durand has never been strong since her serious illness at Teheran some years ago; and Madrid she has found very cold and bleak. There was some thought of a winter in London, but she is most anxious to accompany her husband to Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson are giving a party next week for the Grand Duke Michael of Russia and Countess Torby. Mr. and Mrs. George West are asked, Mr. and Mrs. Lycett Green, and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Wilson.

Lady Hilda Murray is in town, and has taken up her residence at a Dover-street hotel while she searches for a small furnished house in Mayfair or Belgravia, as she is anxious to spend the winter in London. Her husband, Captain Malcolm Murray, who is a kinsman of Lord Dunmore's, is in the Seaforth Highlanders, and was in South Africa throughout the war. Lady Hilda is a very interesting and pretty dark woman, and a great favourite.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Drexel have taken a long lease of 5, Carlton House-terrace from

Lord Caledon, and intend to spend a great deal of their time in London. Mr. Drexel was for some years Lord Onslow's tenant at Clandon Park, Guildford, and he is the owner of the Margherita, one of the finest yachts of the day.

The wedding of Lady Victoria Kerr and Captain Gosling, which will take place in the private chapel at Monteviot, Lord Lothian's seat at Jedburgh, on November 12th, will be a very quiet affair. The bridesmaids will include Lady Isobel Kerr, sister of the bride, and Miss Margaret Kerr, daughter of Lord Walter Kerr, and cousin of the bride.

Miss Pearson, whose wedding takes place on the 26th of November, has an individuality which is quite unusual among girls of her age, and is distinctly pretty besides, so like her aunt, Mrs. Green, who lives in a quiet house in Hampstead. Miss Pearson is having the loveliest trousseau, most of which is being made in London, though a few of her frocks are coming from Paris.

One of the interesting marriages of the immediate future will be that of Lady Beatrix Tylor and Mr. Stanley, which takes place on November 28. Lady Beatrix is a great favourite, as much for her charming manners as for her good looks. In philanthropy she is always to the fore, and has been associated with all the important bazaars that have taken place in London for the last few years.

The Duchess of Roxburghe is giving her future daughter-in-law some historic lace for a wedding present, and is handing over to her the Roxburghe emeralds, which are superb, surpassing absolutely those of Lady Ludlow and the Duchess of Portland. Mrs. George Keppel has, however, one particular emerald which for size and beauty is finer than any stone in the Roxburghe jewels.

Lady Curzon, somewhat fatigued with her duties as Vicerine, may possibly seek a short rest and change in England before very long. This beautiful and indefatigable lady is unable to stand the climate of India if endured in too long spells.

Mr. I. Zangwill asks us to correct an error in the notices of other journals regarding his approaching marriage. Miss Ayrton's stepmother, Heltha Ayrton, authoress of "The Electric Arc," was confused, he writes, with her mother, Matilda Chaplin Ayrton, M.D., authoress of "Child Life in Japan."

"Ojo" was the name by which Mr. Zangwill's fiancée was known as a little girl, and there never was a prettier little girl than she in her tiny kimono. She was born in Tokio, where her father, Professor Ayrton, was instructor in electricity. Her mother, who was Miss Chaplin, was one of the earliest pioneers in the medical profession for women, and held all the degrees at that time conferred on them. She was a tall, handsome woman, with short black hair, and, like her husband, a Christian.

When she died, Professor Ayrton married again, and this time again a clever lady, a scientific writer, with great knowledge of electricity, and this lady is of the Hebrew faith, hence the mistake which so many people have made in stating that Mr. Zangwill is marrying a co-religionist.

Miss Edith Ayrton is very gifted, and a clever writer, which is not surprising, as she has been brought up in an atmosphere of practical and efficient cleverness. She should therefore be a valuable and resourceful helpmate to her future husband, the great leader of Zionism in this country.

Several women in London at the moment are making handsome dress allowances on their winnings at Bridge. To accomplish this they have made it a study for months. In a rash moment the other night, a well-known man announced at a dinner-table that "no woman could play Bridge." His hostess returned: "Find the best player you can among your men friends and I will find two of my own sex whom I guarantee will beat you." The idea was scoffed at; but the party was arranged in due course, when two men found themselves something over £50 the poorer.

FASHIONABLE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The King has sent a donation of £25 to the King Edward VII. Soldiers' and Sailors' Institute, Gibraltar, which is about to be opened.

The Duchess of Roxburghe and her daughter, Lady Isobel Innes-Ker, left London on Saturday for New York, to be present at the marriage of the Duke of Roxburghe with Miss Golet.

Lord and Lady Garioch have arrived in town from Deeside, Aberdeenshire, where they have been staying since their marriage.

Lord Elgin has arrived in town from Broomhall, Fifeshire.

Lord and Lady Lucan have returned to Laleham House, Staines, from Castlebar House, County Mayo, Ireland.

All announcements duly authenticated for insertion in this column to be addressed to the Social Editor "Daily Mirror" Office, 2, Carmelite-street, E.C.

COUNTRY GOSSIP.

An Abandoned Idea.

In spite of various rumours as to an autumn meeting at Ascot, we are in a position to state that the King has decided to abandon the idea. It may at first sight seem a pity that such a splendid range of stands and so good a course should only be used for four days in the year. There would, however, be considerable difficulty in selecting a suitable date, which would not clash with other important meetings.

A Popular Appointment.

The greatest pleasure is expressed in County Cork at the advent of the lovely Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew at Government House. Lady Beatrice and her sister, Lady Constance Butler, have a great deal of property in the south of Ireland, which they like to look after themselves, so that Sir Reginald Pole-Carew's appointment makes things very convenient for his wife.

Honiton Lace.

Lady Clifford of Chudleigh has kindly consented to open an Exhibition of Lace to be held in the Town Hall, at Chudleigh, on November 10th. Lady Clifford is extremely interested in everything connected with the welfare of the cottagers on her husband's estate, and this effort to revive and encourage the ancient art of lace-making has her entire sympathy. It is much hoped that this endeavour will resuscitate the Honiton lace-making industry. It is noticeable that the Royal Princesses never forget to demonstrate their interest in this home industry, and the Princess of Wales' wedding dress was an exquisite piece of needlework equal in quality of workmanship to the original designs of the sixteenth century, her wedding veil and flounces on her dress both being of Honiton lace.

A Unique Collection.

Edith Lady Winchelsea, after undergoing an open-air cure at the Dover House this summer, has returned to Haverholme Priory, near Sleaford, for the present. Her only son, Lord Maidstone, died when a little boy, and her daughter, Lady Muriel, is married to Sir Richard Paget's son. The late Lord Winchelsea and his brother, the present earl, were most adventurous cliff-climbers in search of wild birds' eggs, so that now the unique collection at Haverholme contains no less than nineteen eggs of the golden eagle.

A Stately Home.

Haverholme Priory may well claim to be one of the stately homes of England; it is an immense and imposing pile, standing in the middle of a well-wooded park which contains streams and heronries, a herd of deer, and a damson tree, which are said to have survived from Saxon times.

A Desirable Possession.

Mr. Myddelton, of Chirk, whose marriage to Mrs. Reginald Bingham took place on Saturday, is the owner of the oldest inhabited castle in England except Berkeley Castle. It possesses everything which an ancient castle should possess, dungeons, drawbridge, peacocks, sundials, and a ladies' garden, with grassy walks. The castle itself is built on a hill, and from its windows it is avowed that fourteen counties can be seen. One of Mr. Myddelton's ancestors was Sir Hugh Myddelton, the founder of the New River Company, and one of the original wooden conduits is still preserved in the hall at Chirk.

OUR BIRTHDAY LIST.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 2.

"Take from my mouth the wish of happy years."—*Shakespeare.*

Many happy returns to:—

Miss Winifred Paget.	Lord William Cecil.
Miss Edith Gibbs.	Lord Edward Hay.
Lord Cloacurry.	Mr. Rupert Beckett.
Lord Alastair Innes-Ker.	Mr. Arthur Guinness.

Miss Winifred Paget is the elder daughter of Lady Alexander Paget. She and her sister, Miss Beatrice Paget, who is engaged to Lord Herbert, were two of the prettiest debutantes of their season.

Lord William Cecil is the third son of the third Lord Exeter, and an uncle of the present peer.

For some years he was a Groom-in-waiting to the late Queen, and was appointed Comptroller of the Household to Princess Henry of Battenberg in 1899.

Lord William Cecil married the eldest daughter of Lord Amherst of Hackney in 1885. He is a man of quiet and retiring habits, and spends a great deal of time with his family at his place in Yorkshire, Hunmanby Hall.

Mr. Rupert Beckett is a younger brother of Mr. Ernest Beckett, M.P. He is a well-known racing man, and the husband of one of the handsomest and most popular women in society at the present time.

Mr. Beckett is a banker by profession, being partner in the Leeds banking firm of Beckett and Co. He has a charming house at Doncaster—The Lodge—where he and Mrs. Rupert Beckett entertain very pleasantly for Doncaster week.

BOOKS



TO READ AND OTHERS

All Kinds of Kings—A Book of Quaint Humour.

NE king was obliged by a dirty goose boy, who was really the son of a king disguised, to cut off his nose and his ear and his finger; another king was only a poor widow's son, but he dreamed that some day he should ascend the throne of Hungary, and sure enough he did; another was a very cantankerous king, who, because the shepherd with the staring eyes offended him, threw him into a den of wild boars.

The Editor Speaks.

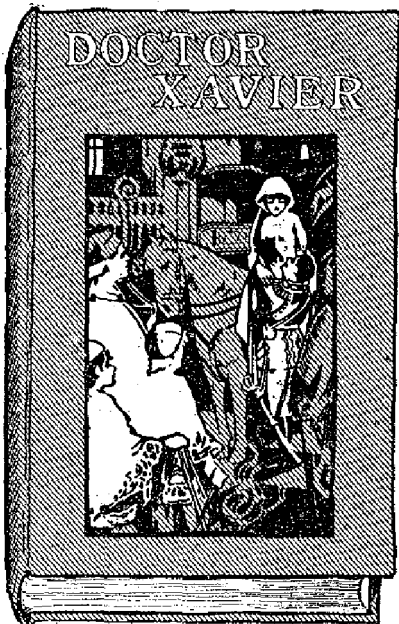
But these are only three of the kings whose stories Mr. Andrew Lang has strung together, for the amusement and edification of those children, young and old, who look forward each year at this time to a new Christmas book from his editorial den. That the stories emanate from his den and not from his pen Mr. Lang wants every purchaser of "The Crimson Fairy Book" to realise. He says so in his preface, and as he has made the remark before, and no one has attended to him, this time his orders are peremptory.

Splendid Pictures.

Now, in this lovely present in prospect for the birthday boy or girl, or the little Christmas child, there are good kings, bad kings, and all sorts of intermediate kings, numbers of beautiful maidens, giants and giantesses, animals that talk, castles and caves, and strange new lands and seas. And the recipient must handle the book reverently, for, the stories apart, the volume is very beautiful. There are lovely pictures to look at, done in a certain wonderful way in colours; "Sigurd meets Helga by the lake," in one, and in another "Ilonka is left with the swineherd."

Whence the Stories Come.

Mr. Lang in his preface says he has collected these tales from many sources. They come from Hungary, Japan, Finland, and Tunis, countries which he says no doubt many children will like to look at on the map, and study in their geography books. So may this be. But will it? Little children (small



blame to them!) like picture-books better than maps, and fairy stories more than dull dissertations on geography. Yet, all the same, Mr. Lang may be right.

THE CRIMSON FAIRY BOOK. By Andrew Lang. (Longmans). Price, 6s.

MAX PEMBERTON'S NEW STORY.

IS it true that every woman, however modest, however unassuming, however sensible, longs for the fatal gift of beauty, and would do anything, in or out of reason, to procure it?

Yes, says Mr. Max Pemberton, in his latest and most cleverly-constructed story, "Dr. Xavier," the theme of which is the Beauty Treatment craze that now possesses so many women.

All those maids and matrons who have undergone, or hope to undergo, one of the systems offered to them by the high priestesses of the craft, will be thrilled and interested by the account of how Dr. Xavier, the

highly-born scientist-magician, transformed a quiet, English, countrified girl into the most beautiful woman in Europe.

We first meet the heroine of the novel, Esther Venn, forming one of a crowd of tired women and girls pressing about the doors of the Casino Theatre in the often vain hope of obtaining a theatrical engagement; we next see her consenting to become the disciple and helper of a mysterious stranger who introduces himself as Dr. Xavier, and who gradually reveals to her the news that he hopes to have solved the great problem, which is of such vital concern to every woman—that of how to make the plain beautiful.

Admirably done is the account of the actual beauty treatment, which is reminiscent of much that goes on not a hundred miles from Bond-street, though it must be admitted that not the most luxurious of beauty doctors can offer her patients such surroundings as those described by Mr. Pemberton. "A rotunda of considerable altitude, panelled entirely with white marble, lay just beyond the gates, and Esther observed with pleasure the clear, cool water of a plunge bath, stirred into gentle ripples by a murmuring spray which fell from a Cupid's wings.

Not Enough Beauty Treatment.

It is regrettable that Mr. Pemberton did not make the whole of his story turn on Dr. Xavier and his wonderful Beauty Treatment. The adventures of Esther, the famous beauty, though exciting and well worked out, are less interesting than those of her earlier career.

DR. XAVIER. By Max Pemberton (Hodder and Stoughton). 6s.

THE LIST FOR THE LIBRARY.

THE STORY OF SUSAN. (Novel.) By Mrs. H. Dudeney. Heinemann.
HER OWN PEOPLE. (Novel.) By E. M. Croker. Hurst and Blackett.
KATHERINE, FRENSHAM. (Novel.) By Beatrice Harraden. Blackwood.
ODDS AND ENDS. (Anecdotal Biography.) By Dean Pigeon. Edward Arnold.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

THE capable company of German actors under the direction of Messrs. Hans Andresen and Max Behrend are once more within our gates, and are making their home at the Royalty Theatre for the present season. Their repertoire is to consist chiefly of plays by the great German dramatists Sudermann, Hauptmann, and Fuld, and there will be a weekly change of programme, which opened with "Der Sturmeselle Sokrates" on Saturday, and continues with that play until next Saturday.

King Edward's Interest.

Last year the King went twice to the German plays, thus showing the interest he takes in this field of dramatic activity. When these German actors first came amongst us, they were patronised almost entirely by Germans domiciled for the time being in this country. The support given by his Majesty, however, had instantaneously the effect of inducing English people, who understood German and appreciated the importance of contemporary German dramatic art, to lend their countenance also to these talented players.

A Leading Actor.

Herr Leisner, one of the leading actors of the German Company, is extremely well known in his own land—perhaps, most of all because of his extraordinary versatility. He is able to play with distinguished success young or old rôles, the lover, the villain, or the eccentric character parts; he is equally at home both in comedy and tragedy.

Life-long Engagements.

It will be borne in mind, in this connection, that the "star" system as we have it in England is not usual in Germany. On the other hand, it is not an uncommon thing for an actor to play more or less continuously at one and the same theatre for five or ten years, or even for the whole of his life.

The characteristic difference, according to Herr Andresen, who doubles the rôle of manager and actor at the Royalty, between the play-going German at home and the play-going German in London, is that the latter wants his dramatic menu to be light, bright, and sparkling; whereas the former expects a much heavier and more solid programme. In other words, the German playgoer in London seems to have lost his appetite for the highly intellectual and intensely literary play which is so constantly the dramatic fare to be found in the great theatres of the Fatherland.

Miss Moore's Motto.

Miss Mary Moore, who is herself one of the most energetic of women, considers that the panacea for almost every ill is constant work. Her motto is the strenuous one of "It is better to wear out than to rust out," and she is a firm believer that no matter how wealthy a man or woman may be, he or she must take up some form of work in order to live a thoroughly healthy existence. She is one of

the advocates of simple living, and Mr. Barrie's theories in "Little Mary" all find in Miss Moore a staunch upholder.

A passenger on board the same boat as Miss Moore on her return home from South Africa two years ago relates that every morning at seven o'clock he used to see this lady pacing the deck, no matter what the weather, and, as a result of that and the active life she leads, Miss Moore enjoys a beautiful complexion.

Miss Isabel Jay's Horoscope.

Miss Isabel Jay, who has returned to the stage in the part of Marjorie, in "A Country Girl," at Daly's Theatre, had her horoscope drawn for her the day of her birth, and the stars prophesied nothing but success during the whole course of her life. Miss Jay began her professional career under the happiest of auspices, as at the end of two years' Academy training, under Madame Lemmens Sherrington, she was lucky enough to carry off no fewer than four medals. Her first intention was to become a concert singer, but immediately after her appearance as Norina, in Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," at one of the Academy performances, she received offers from the two representatives of Mr. D'Oyly Carte and Mr. Carl Rosa, both of whom had been among her audience.

Mr. Pinero Insists on the Last Word.

Mr. Pinero is not one of those dramatists who believe in the superstition that if the last word of a play is uttered at rehearsal disaster is sure to follow. Miss Irene Vanbrugh tells a tale of how she once tried to omit the last word in the final dress rehearsal of "The Gay Lord Quex," and how Mr. Pinero insisted on having the curtain drawn up as he could not hear her say the fatal syllable. Despite her protests that it would bring bad luck if the word was breathed aloud, Mr. Pinero remained adamant, and very reluctantly Miss Irene Vanbrugh was compelled to finish her sentence. And, as everyone knows, no disaster followed.



ENTERTAINING

Other People's Uncomfortable Houses.

BY A VETERAN VISITOR.

THE recent discussions in the newspapers on tipping in country houses induces me to ask whether, in view of the superior comfort of the average modern hotel, the marked discomfort of the average country house makes visiting-worth the while?

That the tipping nuisance has been growing of late years is obvious to one who, like myself, is an old stager. Looking at an old pocket-book of mine in the fifties, in which I was wont to keep careful record of my expenses, I find that the total cost for meals at Strathfieldsaye, after a visit of, I cannot remember exactly how long, but certainly several days, was £3, including the game-keeper.

The Chauffeur's Tip.

Compare this with the present time. Not long ago—last year, to be exact—I paid a visit of about the same duration to a ducal mansion, and found that, in addition to the water bailiff, gamekeeper, the indoor servants and a groom, there was a lordly gentleman in a foreign-looking uniform known as the chauffeur, who was obviously discontented with the modest sovereign I pressed into his gauntleted palm.

I debated in my mind whether I would give him anything at all, for I really detest the new form of locomotion, with its attendant destruction to nerves and oftentimes to limbs.

Growth of Luxury.

But the tipping is only one of the minor evils of the discomforts of other people's houses. The growth of luxury and comfort have moved forward elsewhere so rapidly of late, that the discomforts one has had to put up with for years in country houses stand out in strong relief. I can remember when chambers in Albany were considered quite luxurious. Compare them, or any country house, with the modern hotel, such as the Ritz or the Carlton, with a bath room for every bedroom, electric light where you want it, heat that can be regulated to any temperature by the occupant, electric bell or telephone direct to one's servant, excellent cuisine at your command, music if you want it, and the whole combined with independence and privacy.

Little Things that Tell.

There are many country houses which, so far as their dimensions allow, provide almost all these luxuries. It is not, however, always a question of size. I have found greater comfort in more than one modest country vicarage, attended by neat maids, with my room looked after, not by a housekeeper or groom of the chamber, but by the hostess herself, than in mansions of a much larger size.

A well-known entertainer—whose abode is, to my mind, perfect—adopted the idea some years ago of sleeping in every bedroom in her house, in order that she might find out if anything were wrong with any particular chamber from the point of view of her guests, who could not, of course, complain, even if they found anything to complain about. It was at the time when the electric light first came to fashion, and the custom was to place one small light in the middle of the

MUSIC AND SONG.

FRENCH songs of all kinds are in great vogue this autumn. They are as a rule very tuneful, the words are less "sentimental" than those we often find in English songs, and some are altogether so charming that we put them among the music of which we never weary. Excellent ones are "Les herceaux" by Gabriel Faure, "Les Carmes de Werther" by Massenet, and "La Solitaire" by Saint-Saëns.

Frank Lambert has added two more to his series of short songs, "Forethought" and "Oh, let me weep," both of which are sure to become popular. I prefer the latter. "Because," by Guy D'Hardelot, is a good song, and less difficult, but pretty, are "I hide my love," and "I know a lovely garden." "Gems," by Chaminade, is a brilliant example of that gifted writer's style, but difficult to sing and to accompany. "Soul's Blossom," by Liza Lehmann, is not worthy of her; but "When I awake," by Ellen Wright, is a really charming little song, and has already achieved a great popularity.

At Herr Felix von Weingartner's concert, on November 12th, the "Rob Roy" overture is announced as being performed for the first time in England, but this is an error, Dr. Richter having already produced the work some little time ago. On the same evening we are to hear the *scène dramatique*, "Cléopâtre," with which Berlioz unsuccessfully endeavoured to gain the Prix de Rome.

According to the programme the scena has never before been heard—that is since the day it failed to gain the coveted award. It was of this composition that Boieldieu remarked to the disappointed candidate, "You should not have done your best, your best is too good."



Weddings, Engagements, and other Personal News.

WEDDINGS OF TO-DAY.

DOYLE-HOWARD.—On Oct. 31, at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, by the Rev. T. Wilson Pickance, assisted by the Rev. P. Leveson-Gower and the Rev. J. Storrs, Lt.-Col. Arthur Havelock Doyle, second surviving son of the late Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, Bart., to Miss Joyce Etheldreda Howard, second daughter of the late Hon. Greville Howard and Lady Audrey Buller, of Downes, Crediton.

Miss Joyce Howard, who was married on Saturday to Col. Arthur Doyle, is fair, of average height, bright and vivacious. She is a lover of all outdoor sports, especially of hunting. Her husband is a brother of Sir Everard Doyle, who acted as his best man, and is heir to the baronetcy. He has to sail for India to-morrow to resume command of his regiment, the King's Shropshire Light Infantry.

At the Church.

St. Peter's, Eaton-square, where the wedding took place, has been the scene of many important weddings. There are seldom any decorations in the church beyond beautiful bouquets of white flowers on the altar; but the music is always good, and the choir sing beautifully.

The bride arrived very punctually with her step-father, Sir Redvers Buller, who was heartily cheered by the crowd as he escorted the bride to the church door, where she was met by her eight bridesmaids. They were Miss Howard and Miss Buller, sister and step-sister of the bride, and Miss S. Lacaita, niece of the bridegroom; Miss Evelyn Loch, Miss Dorothy Gathorne-Hardy, Miss Trotter, Miss Katherine Leveson-Gower, and Miss Milnes-Gaskell.

Their frocks were extremely pretty, of palest grey crepe nixon, with deep capes of Malines lace threaded with grey chiffon and silver; deep silver belts gathered in the full bodices, and their grey beaver hats were trimmed with feathers to match. Each bridesmaid carried a bouquet of crimson and white roses (the badge of the bridegroom's regiment), and wore his gift, a pearl and emerald brooch.

The Bride's Dress.

Miss Howard looked very dainty in her soft white crepe dress, glistening with silver embroidery and veiled with a beautiful Brussels lace veil, the gift of her mother, which fell in graceful folds from her shoulders. Her only ornaments were the pearl necklace and ruby brooch given her by the bridegroom, and instead of a bouquet she carried a white prayer-book. Orange blossom, however, was not missing, and the bride had a small wreath mixed with myrtle fastening back her tulle veil.

The officiating clergy were the Rev. J. Storrs, Vicar of St. Peter's, the Rev. T. Wilson Pickance, and the Rev. F. Leveson-Gower, a relation of the bridegroom, who conducted the service.

The Princess's Dress.

Both the church and the house in Lowndes-square, where the reception was held, were very full indeed.

Princess Christian, dressed in grey velvet, with a long stole of moleskin, and a toque of the same velvet and fur, arrived, accompanied by Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein (dressed in chestnut brown, with touches of vivid orange in her brown toque), and attended by Miss Loch and Major Wray.

Lady Audrey Buller, who received the Princesses at the top of the aisle, wore a lovely dress of deep amethyst-coloured crepe, encrusted with medallions of the same coloured lace, and brightened with gold and silver embroidery. She wore a toque to match and a brown marabout boa round her shoulders.

Theresa Lady Shrewsbury was in grey velvet, with feathers in a grey toque, and a white feather boa; Lady Dorchester, in black, with a white cloth cape trimmed with lace, brought Miss Daisy Carleton, in pale grey.

Some of the Guests.

Lady Loch, in black, was accompanied by her married daughter, Mrs. Earle, dressed in beige colour, with pale blue in her toque. Lady Halsbury wore fawn cloth, with sables, and Lady Evelyn Giffard was in black, with white feathers in a black hat. Lady Victoria Howard wore a champagne-coloured dress, with sable furs. Lady Edith St. Aubyn, who was accompanied by her husband and two little daughters, looked nice in fawn, with a black astrachan coat.

Lady Medway wore a black lace dress; Mrs. Seymour Corkran, in black, brought Miss Violet Corkran, in white, and Miss Muriel Corkran, in pale blue. Lady Vincent was in rose-coloured velvet, with pink and black in a rough straw hat; her daughter wearing russet brown, with a single pink rose in a brown picture hat, and a wide tulle ruffle.

Lady Valentia wore grey, with sable furs; Miss Annesley was in scarlet, with a moleskin coat; Lady Barnard wore purple; Lady Mary Leith was in black velvet, and Miss Leith in pale mauve. Lady Iddesleigh's black dress was relieved with touches of emerald green, and her daughters, Lady Rosalind and Lady Elizabeth Northcote were one in pink and the other in blue.

Colonel Arthur Doyle and his bride are spending their very brief honeymoon at Selham House, Petworth, kindly lent by Mrs. Lacaita, sister of the bridegroom.

The bride's going-away dress was a pale

worn over a dainty blouse of Alençon lace, and a blue tulle hat with shaded beaver ostrich feathers.

Wedding Gifts.

Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar sent the bridegroom two handsome silver mufflers and to the bride a cut glass scent bottle mounted in gold with a miniature on the top.

Sir Redvers and Lady Audrey Buller gave the bride a diamond tiara composed of a delicate tracery of stones forming a graceful design, and so made that it can be divided to form a necklace, three brooches, and a small head ornament. They also gave her some lovely jewellery, lace, and household linen.

Sir Everard Doyle's gift was a pony cart, for which Mrs. Lacaita provided the pony, both of which are on their way to India with many other presents.

Lord and Lady Londonderry sent an en-tout-cas and Lady Helen Staveland a large silver-mounted mirror. The Dowager Lady Harrowby gave a very fine ruby pendant, three large ones in the centre forming a leaf. The bridegroom's special gift to his bride was a single row necklace of matchless pearls.

Theresa Lady Shrewsbury's quaint present was a gold chain, on which was suspended a curious blue-green

Lilian Dorothea Devitt, daughter of Mr. Thomas Lane Devitt, of Sandlea, Datchet, Bucks, was married to Mr. Herbert Stringfellow Pendlebury, F.R.C.S., of 44, Brook-street, Grosvenor-square.

Canon Hensley Henson, the rector, the Rev. F. Llewellyn, vicar of Datchet, and the Rev. J. S. Devitt, the bride's cousin, between them tied the nuptial knot, and Mr. T. L. Devitt gave his daughter away.

Very graceful she looked in her wedding robe of soft white satin, the long trained skirt trimmed with Limerick lace, and beneath the tulle veil a wreath of orange flowers nestled in her pretty hair. She did not wear any jewels, but carried a large cluster-bouquet of white roses, tied with white ribbon.

A bevy of six bridesmaids walked after the bride, and wore gowns of white taffeta, trimmed with white lace and chiffon,



Miss JOYCE HOWARD, daughter of Lady Audrey Buller, who was married on Saturday to Col. Arthur Doyle.

enamel ornament composed of two peacocks with outspread wings finished above and below with two pearl drops.

Mr. Milnes-Gaskell, cousin of the bridegroom, contributed the handsome and useful present of a canteen of silver.

General Sir Thomas Kelly-Kenny, who effected the surrender of Cronje in South Africa, sent his old friend's step-daughter a silver bowl.

Lady Euston also sent a gold chain with blue-green enamel wings attached by a small gold chain to a blue-green swallow holding a pearl in its mouth.

Mr. Dart, an old Crediton resident, specially carved for Miss Howard an oak chest lined with cedar wood, the scenes depicted on the chest being taken from the hunting field.

Another present of interest from Mrs. Jackson consisted of a handkerchief sachet made out of a piece of Lady Audrey Buller's wedding dress.

The presents were unusually beautiful and costly, and numbered over 500.

MRS. KENDAL'S DAUGHTER MARRIED.

Miss Dorothy Grimston, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, was married on Saturday morning at Uxbridge to Mr. Robert Meyer, Mr. C. Frohman's acting manager for Mr. John Hare.

Miss Grimston's engagement had been known to her friends for some weeks, but she had kept the date of her wedding a secret. Consequently the ceremony was a very quiet one, and witnessed by her brother—Mr. Dorrington Grimston, now playing at Wyndham's Theatre—and a few friends only. The bride, who had been staying at West Drayton, came up to London immediately after her marriage, to play at the matinee of "A Golden Silence." After dining with her husband at the Carlton she appeared as usual at the theatre. The happy pair left yesterday morning for the Grand Hotel, Paris, where the honeymoon will be spent.

Miss Grimston has been playing in Mr. Arthur Bouchier's company at the Garrick for some time.

A pretty wedding was celebrated on Satur-

with pink satin sashes, and becoming black velvet hats adorned with plumes. To each the bridegroom presented a circular silver brooch set with pearls and a neat nosegay of lilies-of-the-valley.

Later in the day the bride and bridegroom departed for Paris, where they are spending their honeymoon.

The following marriages have been arranged:—

Captain the Earl of Kerry, Irish Guards, D.S.O., A.D.C. to Lord Roberts in South Africa, eldest son of the Marquis of Lansdowne, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and Miss Elsie Hope, only daughter of Mr. Edward Hope, C.B., Registrar of the Privy Council.

Mr. Archie L. Langman, C.M.G., of Wincombe Park, Shaftesbury, Dorset, son of Mr. John L. Langman, of 6, Stanhope-terrace, Hyde Park, and Miss Eleanor Lyell, younger daughter of Sir Leonard Lyell, Bart., of Kinrordy, Kinross-shire, Fifeshire.

NAVAL AND MILITARY.

Staff-Captain Rapson, of Portsmouth Dockyard, has received the Royal Victorian Order from the King for smartness in docking the damaged Victoria, and for long and faithful services.

The following naval appointments were announced on Saturday:—

Lieut. W. Sims, to Acolus, for Dundalk division of Coastguard, to take effect October 31; R. H. Boyle, to Hotspur, November 16; R. M. Burnmaster, to Cressy, November 3.

R.N.R.—Lieut. T. S. W. Hannah, to Andromache, to complete twelve months' training, November 3.

The authorities have decided that the Glengarry can be retained as the address head-dress of Scottish regiments.

TO-DAY'S WILLS.

Mr. CHARLES RALPH DUBS, 1, Park-terrace, Glasgow, and Craigdarroch, £457,343 0 0

Captain EDWARD BYRNE, 13, Water-100-place, Cork, Director of the City of Cork Steam Packet Company, £45,569 0 0

FRANCES JANE DOWAGER MARCHIONESS OF ORMONDE (63), of the Castle, Kilkenny, Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Adelaide, 1844-49, daughter of Sir John Dunsany, Bart., £100,000

SKATING AT PRINCE'S.

OPENING OF THE SEASON.

The opening of Prince's Skating Rink is always one of the most eagerly anticipated events of the winter season, and that there is no waning of the popularity of the pastime was evinced by the crowd present there on Saturday afternoon.

The entrance hall remains the same, and was, as usual, a little rendezvous for different parties; but the lounge inside has been completely transformed, and is much larger and most comfortable. The brilliant red carpet, contrasting with the cream-coloured walls and deep blue hangings, and the little tables covered with the prettiest Oriental covers, set out for tea, made a very effective picture, which was greatly enhanced when lit up by electric light.

A Royal box has been built to overlook the rink, and this is reached by a flight of steps at the side of the stairs leading down to the ice.

The doors were opened at three o'clock, and shortly afterwards the band played a waltz, when Miss Dent and Captain Scott of "Terrible" fame took the floor, and the autumn skating season had begun.

Some of Those Present.

Most of the usual habitués were present, but several familiar faces, among them the Duchess of Bedford, were missing. Lady Archibald Campbell was skating, dressed in black velvet, with a three-cornered hat; Miss Irby, who is one of the best skaters at Prince's, wore a neat black skirt with a pale blue blouse and large black picture hat; and Miss Vernon wore a pale grey skating costume.

One of the most striking dresses was a bright scarlet cloth skirt with a blouse to match, a red and white hat; a pale blue cloth costume was also very effective; and so was a black and white dress with hints of gold embroidery and a black and gold directoire hat.

Among the men were Herr Grenander, whose marvellous figure-skating was greatly admired; Lord Alwyne Compton, who was unfortunate in having several spills; Lord Archibald Campbell, and Herr Emile Fuchs, the well-known designer of the present postage stamps.

Topics of Conversation.

Many of those, however, who are usually skating, were looking on. For instance, the Misses Wilson were spectators, with their married sister, Mrs. Grenander, who came rather late, and was dressed in black. Miss Duddell also came late with her mother; Sir John Thorneycroft was not skating, nor was Mr. Algernon Grosvenor.

Lady Iddesleigh came on from Miss Howard's wedding; Mrs. Sydney Hoare was in rose-colour, with a white feather boa, while Lady Penn Symons was in black; Mrs. John Woodford, in black and mauve; Miss Sartorius and her sister, who are daughters of General Sartorius, V.C., were all to be seen, as well as Lord Greenock and Mr. Gillett.

The chief topics of conversation seemed to be the weather and motoring; complaints about skidding and the best preventative for it absorbing attention to the exclusion of everything else at more than one cheery tea-party.

WHERE NOTABLE PEOPLE SPENT THE WEEK-END.

Princess Christian, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, Lord Wolseley, Miss Frances G. Wolseley, Lord and Lady Grenfell, Lord and Lady Mount Stephen, Lord Kilmorey, Lord Claud Hamilton, and Lord Genesk, with Lord and Lady Chelysmere at Hughenden Manor.

Princess Louise, of Schleswig Holstein—at Boxmore.

The Duke of Northumberland at Berwick.

Lord and Lady Wimborne, at Canford Manor, Dorsetshire.

Lord and Lady Jersey, with Lord and Lady Cobham, at Hagley Hall.

Sir Alexander and Lady Acland-Hood, with Lord and Lady Linlithgow, at Hopetoun House.

Emily Lady Amphil and Miss Russell, with Lord and Lady Derby, at Knowsley Park, Derby.

WEATHER REPORTS FROM WINTER RESORTS.

We have received the following weather reports by telegram from our special correspondents at home and foreign winter resorts:—

Bath.—Lovely morning with improving prospects; minimum temperature, 44.

Bournemouth.—Perfect morning; cloudless skies; temperature 55.

Hartogate.—Dull, but fine; maximum temperature 50.

Hastings.—Beautiful day; maximum temperature, 59, minimum 51.

Torquay.—Better prospects; barometer rising; temperature, 56.

Ventnor.—Sunshine and rain; maximum temperature, 55, minimum, 44.8.

Blarritz.—Rainy; temperature, 61.7.

Calro.—Clear; cooler; temperature, 8 a.m., 67.04, 2 p.m., 80.42.

Cannes.—Mild, but wet; fair prospects; temperature 68.

Naples.—Fine morning; sudden tempest later.

Nice.—Stormy night; barometer rising; clear day.

"DAILY MIRROR" DEPARTMENTS.

Some of Our Features.

From day to day the practical departments of the "Daily Mirror" will be changed. Among the forthcoming departments are:—

WOMEN'S EMPLOYMENT.
WOMAN'S WORK IN THE FIELD OF RELIGION.
DRESS OF THE DAY.
 How to dress on a fixed sum.
 Outfits for foreign countries. The season at Cairo. What to wear on the Riviera, etc., etc.
 Boots and Shoes.
 Trousseau.
 Promenade dresses; visiting dresses; ball dresses; restaurant dresses; theatre dresses.
 Dress for the debutante.
 Furs and their preservation.
 Coiffure.
 Home dressmaking—practical directions and paper patterns.

THE MEDICINE CUPBOARD.
 How to treat emergencies; simple ailments in the nursery, &c.

THE NURSERY.
 Children's clothes and pastimes.
 Special column for the little ones.

OUTDOOR GARDENING.
 Hints to ladies who superintend the gardens.

INDOOR GARDENING.
 Culture of plants and bulbs in the house.

PETS FOR PLEASURE AND FOR PROFIT.
 Dogs, cats, birds and the poultry yard.

INDOOR GAMES.
 Bridge, etc.

THE JEWEL BOX.
 Dealing with the purchase, care, and alteration of jewellery.

WOMEN'S SPORTS AND PASTIMES.
 Hunting, golf, hockey, motorcycling, cycling, Badminton, tennis, croquet, sculling.

PHYSICAL EXERCISES.
 How to breathe, the gymnasium, swimming, fencing.

THE HYGIENE OF THE HOME.

FLOWERS FOR THE TABLE AND THE HOUSE.

THE APPOINTMENTS OF THE DINNER TABLE.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.
 The collector's corner; furniture; upholstery and the arrangements of the household.

OLD LACE, OLD CHINA AND OLD SILVER.

THE CULT OF BEAUTY.
 The complexion, the hair, manicure, etc.

EDUCATIONAL SUBJECTS.
 Schools for boys and girls; school outfits.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

BIRTHS.

DALTON.—On October 29, at 1, Leigham Villas, Plymouth, the wife of Colonel J. C. Dalton, Commanding Royal Artillery, Western District, of a daughter.
McDONALD.—On October 28, at Potchefstroom, the wife of Captain R. McDonald, D.S.O., "The Buffs," of a daughter.
SAUNDERS.—On October 29, at 159, Cromwell-road, S.W., the wife of Captain Frederick J. Saunders D.S.O., Royal Marine Light Infantry, of a son (Maxwell Pomroy).

MARRIAGES.

HODGES-TIARKS.—On October 29, at St. Nicholas's Church, Chislehurst, by Rev. J. P. Twist, M.A., Assistant-Curate of Minehead, assisted by Rev. Canon Rowland Hill, M.A., Rector of Holy Trinity Church, Dorchester, Commander Michael Henry Hodges, R.N., H.M.S. Hermes, third son of Lieut.-Colonel John F. Hodges, of Dorchester, to Frederica Octavia, youngest daughter of Henry F. Tiarks, of Foxbury, Chislehurst.

DEATHS.

KENNEDY.—On October 29, at The Grange, Clevedon, Somerset, Alfred George Kennedy, late of London City and Midland (City) Bank, London, in his 76th year. Friends kindly accept this, the only intimation. Funeral at Lewisham Cemetery to-morrow, at 2.30 p.m.
WIGRAM.—On October 30, at Harston, Grantham, Sir Charles Hampden Wigram, Kt., V.D., D.L., aged 77 years; twenty-eight years Chairman Lloyd's Patriotic Fund.

PERSONAL.

"SWEET REGENERATOR."—You are the best, my only hope—Lola Montez.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editors of the *Daily Mirror* will be glad to consider contributions, conditionally upon their being typewritten and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Contributions should be addressed plainly to the Editors, *The Daily Mirror*, 2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C., with the word "Contribution" on the outside envelope.

Owing to the immense number of advertisements received for the "*Daily Mirror*," some thirty pages sent for this issue are held over.

The
Daily Mirror.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1903.

DEDICATION.

WHEN Woman first on earth began
 To know the magic of her grace,
 By gift of Nature or of Man
 She learned to view her mirrored face
 In quiet pools, in burnished brass,
 And in the fragile field of glass.

And in that legendary age
 When dreams could compass their desire,
 The sorcerer or archmage
 Cast secret spells on the fire,
 Till past or future stood revealed
 In some dark mirror's spectral field.

But here a double gift we give,
 The *Daily Mirror* of the world,
 Of states that die and songs that live,
 Of how my lady's locks are curled,
 Of all the thousand colours spun
 Into the pattern known to Oge.

This is the *Mirror* that records
 The shadows of the passing show,
 The players masking on the boards,
 The armies tramping through the snow,
 The surging of the clamorous crowd,
 And the shy fancy unavowed.

So now the *Mirror* of the day,
 The gift most lavish, and the last,
 Lies waiting, Woman, in your way,
 To show your face, to hold the past,
 To catch each ray the time outpours
 And flash it back. This glass is yours.

Adrian Ross.

THE PRACTICAL SIDE OF THE
"DAILY MIRROR."

By MARY HOWARTH.

THE practical side of the *Daily Mirror*, which has been placed under my care, comprising as it does housekeeping and all pertaining thereto, and dress for the woman of moderate means as well as for her more easily circumstanced sister, will vary from day to day, and will aim at pleasing every kind of taste, and assisting every purse of any dimension.

The practical side is that side which, in truth, seeks to justify the very existence of the *Daily Mirror*. A newspaper it is, but it is more than that. The life, the organisation, the politics of the family; of each little dominion within four walls where a woman is queen, has hitherto received expression from month to month, from week to week, but never till now from day to day.

I do not think that in the planning of this section of the *Daily Mirror* any department has been overlooked. I have been fortunate in securing the leading experts in dress, both of those who write and of those who illustrate. The cult of beauty will in like manner be taught by specialists.

In all matters pertaining to the government of the home I shall benefit by the collaboration of the highest authorities. For example, the "house beautiful" will be the care of experienced artists in house furnishing and decoration. The best gardening experts, the great authority on jewellery, and well known writers on all varieties of fancy work will contribute. Hints concerning health, and any paragraph involving a medical or cosmetic formula, will carry the assurance of fully qualified medical opinion. The cuisine has the assistance not only of practical cooks for upper and middle-class households, but the chefs of all the chief restaurants of London and Paris.

As day passes day readers of the *Daily*

Mirror will find that all the varied interests of womankind receive their due share of attention.

HEUREUSE ET UTILE.

By JULES HEDEMAN.

VOILA une idée heureuse et utile que la fondation du *Daily Mirror*.

La naissance d'un journal quotidien de ce genre qui, tout en s'abstenant autant que possible de la politique, cherche uniquement à instruire et amuser la femme, constitue un événement de première importance. Tout ce qui contribue à élever la femme et la jeune fille, la mère d'aujourd'hui et la mère de demain, mérite tout notre appui, tout notre encouragement. Car c'est elle, la mère, qui a le plus noble devoir, la plus haute responsabilité de nous tous: "éducation morale de la génération future, de la race humaine. En réduisant au minimum la politique dans ses pages, en se consacrant seulement aux intérêts communs des femmes de tous les pays civilisés, le *Daily Mirror* doit exercer une influence bienfaisante.

Le progrès et l'avenir du nouveau-né seront suivis certainement avec beaucoup d'intérêt par un grand nombre de françaises.

Pourquoi? Voici pourquoi:

Premièrement parce que c'est une feuille qui s'occupe avant tout de ce que la femme en général et la femme française en particulier tient le plus cher—La Mode. Secondement un journal entièrement consacré à la femme, rédigé en n'importe quelle langue excitera très vite la sympathie de la française, grâce au haut niveau de son intelligence et à la position très élevée qu'elle occupe dans la société. Personnellement je salue d'autant plus cordialement l'apparition du *Daily Mirror* que je vois dans un journal de ce caractère quelque chose qui a son utilité comme point de contact amical entre la France et l'Angleterre.

"RITA" AND THE SMART SET.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

RECENT disquieting revelations of the sins of the modish world leave one wondering if it is given to any outsider—even to the omniscient female novelist—to know, for certain, about the intimate doings of the esoteric coterie which is called the Smart Set?

It would seem as if it were not. Only the other day there appeared a short story by "Rita" in one of the magazines, which showed that the author had long ago gathered up her skirts and retired from the polluting contact of the world of fashion, for incredible as it may seem, this lively censor of modern manners described a "smart" luncheon party in Park-lane, at which all the guests were not only introduced to each other, but went down arm-in-arm to the dining-room! Such strange proceedings at mid-day have certainly not been seen in London for at least a decade and a half. There are other facts which leave one faintly optimistic. Reading this popular author's writings, in which the ugly word blackmail is insisted on, and other vices and crimes hinted at, which are not usually discussed in polite circles, one cannot escape a suspicion that she takes her data about modish women chiefly from the newspaper reports of divorce cases.

The succès de scandale, indeed, is one which makes our newest moralist wrathful, yet "Rita," above all people, should remember that the succès de scandale is not confined to the smart world. It is not, one hears, unknown in the circulating libraries, and it has been openly whispered that the vogue of a recent "society novel" was not altogether due to literary merit.

But what is plain is that we pay too much attention to the doings of the Smart Set, who, after all, are more to be consoled with on their lack of intelligence than scolded for their antics. They are the spoiled, silly children of a grown-up, strenuous world. Like all children, they love being taken notice of, and, like spoiled children, the more we talk about them the more they will disport themselves for our benefit in an amazing and not always seemly manner.

Fortunately, for England, the Smart Set rarely perpetuates itself. Who ever heard of one of these much-discussed ladies, with a large family of bouncing boys and girls? They are as pretty, as useless, as ephemeral as gauzy-winged gnats, skimming over a summer pool. In a day, in an hour, they are gone, and the world plods on about its business, stolidly indifferent to its loss.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE
BREAKFAST TABLE.

By ARTHUR MEE.

THE talk at the breakfast-table was of the age of brides. A breach of promise case in the paper had turned on the point that the woman was nine years older than the man. It was surely, the Autocrat said, the maddest reason ever given by unreasonable man.

What, after all, is age? Sir Andrew Clark was wont to count it as beginning "when we cease to be able to adapt ourselves to our environment," and there was more than the little girl knew in the answer of the old lady who, when the child never could make out whether granny was old or young, said, prettily: "I have been a very long time young."

Shakespeare's Wife.

The great Shakespeare himself, who knew that

Age, in love, loves not to have years told.

found a wife in Anne Hathaway when she was twenty-six and he was but eighteen. It was not, it is true, the happiest of unions, and in bequeathing his estate the poet left her nothing but a bed to lie upon. But the best of all authorities has told us that she inspired her daughters with affection, and, if there were sad chapters in the home life at Stratford, what woman that ever lived, we may well ask, could have completely responded to the master mind of the human race?

The Post in Love.

Three married lives, in greatly different spheres, shatter, surely, for all time the notion that a woman should not marry a man younger than herself. The first is the example of the Brownings. Was ever in the world more perfect love? Yet Robert Browning was six years younger than his wife. "If a prince of El Dorado should come with a pedigree of lineal descent from some signory in the moon in one hand and a ticket of good behaviour from the nearest Independent chapel in the other" Elizabeth Barrett had agreed that "it would not do"—yet we know that when Robert Browning came to carry her from the sofa on which she spent her flickering life to the mountains on which she was to find new strength she passed gladly from her father's sight for ever.

A Prime Minister's Wife.

The second example is of Lord Beaconsfield. Mrs. Wyndham Lewis was fifteen years the senior of the man who made her the proudest woman in England. It was not a love match—Lord Beaconsfield never pretended that. "Have you no gratitude?" he asked scornfully of a group of young men who asked him why he married a widow so much older than he, and we know that he told the rich widow herself, long after she had become his wife, that he married her for her wealth. But we know, too, that she spoke the truth when she replied: "But if you were to marry me again you would do it for love." "For thirty-three years she has never given me a dull moment," Lord Beaconsfield said when she died, and in one of his moments of triumph he was heard to say: "My wife will be very pleased."

Josephine.

The third example is not so strange in reality as it may seem at sight. Napoleon had two wives, both wives had two husbands, and both marriages, if happiness to the end is the test, were failures. But it was Josephine, who was six years older than Napoleon, and not Maria Louisa, who was twenty-three years younger, who gave the master of the world any sense of happiness. "Sweet and incomparable Josephine," he wrote to her in his triumph, and when she had put her away, and a princess of Austria had given him an heir and a King of Rome, when defeat was following defeat, and Moscow, Elba, and Waterloo were looming in swift succession on his changed horizon, it was to Josephine that he wrote in his last despair.

"Never dismiss from your recollection one who has never forgotten, and never will forget you," were the last words he wrote to her, a month before she left the world with a broken heart, and we think of it still, remembering the pathos and bitterness and even the wickedness of it, as an alliance that would have been without a flaw if pride could be forgotten, and love could rule the world.

A WOMAN'S DIARY OF THE WORLD.

NOVEMBER 2.—On this day, 148 years ago, Marie Antoinette came into the world. How sadly she went out of it!

"At seven," says her biographer, "she was roused by the executioner."

"The streets were already thronged with a fierce and sanguinary mob, whose shouts of triumph were so vociferous that she asked one of her gaolers whether they would tear her to pieces. She was assured that, as he expressed it, they would do her no harm."

"And, indeed, the Jacobins themselves would have protected her from the populace, so anxious were they to heap on her every indignity that could render death more terrible."

"Louis had been allowed to quit the temple in his carriage. Marie Antoinette was to be drawn from the prison to the scaffold in a common cart, seated on a bare plank; the executioner by her side holding the cords with which her hands were already bound."

"It was mid-day before the cart reached the scaffold. As she descended she trod on the executioner's foot. It might seem to have been ordained that her very last words should be words of courtesy."

"Excuse me, sir," she said, "I did not do it on purpose," and she added, "Make haste."

"In a few moments all was over."



A REFLECTION ON FASHION. HOW THE MODERN ELEGANTE IS CREATED.

WE talk, ah, yes! an infinity about clothes, and yet the best, the cream of it all is never told. The essence of every-thing is that mysterious, elusive quality, yclept style; and the crowning triumph of style is expressed in the simplest creations. Every woman, for instance, knows the irresistible fascination of some simple dark costume, every line and fold of which reveals the presence of the finest sartorial skill, relieved by some daring soupçon of colouring or trimming, the whole affecting a modesty that is the result only of a surpassing knowledge of what constitutes grace.

And again, how deftly do the knowledgeable treat with a wealth of ornamentation. Surveyed cursorily and en masse, with no effort to arrive at the detail or component parts, one feels at once, nevertheless, the delicately-inspired touch underlying all that curious and incomprehensible sense of reason and overpowering love of proportionate line.

Recherche Robe.

Take a recherche robe de réception, a commingling of soft satin, filmy lace, jewelled and ribbon embroidery, and that finger depth of fur—so ubiquitous just now—than which nothing makes a more gracious frame to the allied loveliness of satin and lace. This description scarcely more than hints at the possibility of the wealth of workmanship that actually obtains; the melting of the satin into the lace by a process of appliqué, until the eye is incapable of telling where the one begins and the other ends, the delightful suggestion being still further enhanced by a frou-frou of soft chiffon frills supporting the dentelle, while to the embroideries of ribbon, jewels, or mousseline flowers is granted the privilege of hinting at an outline, the fur making the silhouette of the completed creation.

A Creation of Genius.

It is a safe premise that a model, however busy in detail, is essentially of the artistic order of things, provided a simple and elegant outline is maintained throughout. Then, no matter the elaboration, the eye is never wearied. And that just differentiates in a nutshell the creation of a genius from the wearisome strained effort of the mercantile mind, which mostly trusts to covering up by a mass of irrelevantly disposed trimmings, a deplorable paucity of cut, and general sartorial understanding. But a truce to generalising to-day, since there is to-morrow, and to-morrow, and all time—if the fates, in the shape of an appreciative public, be kind—for the expounding of the subtleties of the immense dress question.

Of a truth, Mother Eve laid a burden on our shoulders, the far-reaching effect whereof none, least of all the good lady herself, could have ever faintly suspected.

THE HOUR-GLASS OF FASHION

By Mrs.
JACK MAY.

An Introduction.

TO crave your attention for a moment while there is disclosed the general intention of these dress pages. Primarily, then, they are to be comprehensive.

Now this question covers a large area, one almost impossible to cope with indeed, saving under such auspices as the *Daily Mirror*. But with every day at command there is hope that all points will be successfully unravelled.

It may be said, we have made arrangements with all the representative foreign centres for exclusive information pertaining to the subject, and the "Latest from Paris" will be a marked feature. As the pivot upon which we all revolve the French capital necessarily receives exceptional attention.

bestowing. Nor shall we rest content with merely relating current fashions. There will furthermore be explained how the same shall be applied, since the most perfect modes are frequently ruined by an indifferent disposal. And from time to time there will come interesting dissertations on jewellery, the fashions and fancies in which change as quickly nowadays as everything else.

Children's garbing also is to receive the best and most detailed attention, and will be treated for the most part from the practical standpoint. And at least one design a day will be of some simple practical notion for the home worker, of which a paper pattern will be obtainable. And last, but most important



DRESS FOR MODERATE MEANS.

TASTE AND ECONOMY ALLIED.

NOTHING impresses mere man more favourably than a discreet glimpse of pretty petticoats. He genuinely enjoys the suggestion they convey of dainty femininity, while a dragging end of faded tail offends his masculine sense of fitness. It is difficult to believe that a really nice-minded woman could be guilty of such a petticoat, though, on the whole, it is rather astonishing that more people do not realise the important influence the jupon exercises, occasionally going so far as to mar an otherwise successful toilette.

To be in strict harmony with its environment a petticoat ought to be in a lighter shade than the dress it accompanies, and should form a pleasant colour contrast. The only exception in the case being black beneath biscuit cloth. For instance, nothing looks smarter than a jupon of cerise silk with a black frock, unless it be one of vivid orange. In the case of a tailor-made costume the petticoat should show an appropriate lack of frills, contenting itself with a single deep flounce, but when an elaborate toilette is donned the jupon may be as ornate as the fancy of its wearer dictates.

Ephemerality. A silk petticoat is a luxury everyone does not care to indulge in recklessly, because, alas! glacé even of the best quality has a pernicious habit of splitting, and this causes it to be regarded with disfavour by the economically minded. These last, however, may with an easy conscience invest in a petticoat of moiré, or, better still, brocade, the deep flounce, or series of frills, alone being of taffetas. Very effective is one of forget-me-not-coloured moiré, conspicuous for a deep flounce of silk in the same romantic hue, which boasts innumerable fine tucks set an inch apart, and arranged in a trellis-worked design, the bottom displaying five tiny accordion-pleated frills edged with ruching.

Useful Economies.

A chic petticoat is fashioned from striped black-and-white taffetas, and shows a flounce of white glacé surmounted by a second of spotted white net trimmed with wavy lines of gathered white ribbon, and bordered with black lace over two pleated frills of snowy chiffon, decorated with black lace, and finished with ruchings of narrow white ribbon.

As furs go up and up in price every year we are driven to take refuge in the various new productions which the furriers evolve. Musquash mole is one of the season's inventions, being merely the natural musquash shorn, which makes a very satisfactory substitute for the now luxurious mole-skin. Following on sable

paw, squirrel paw, etc., chinchilla head looks delightful as a border to a wide guipure stole, the ends finished with chenille fringes, while another effective lace stole has an edging of fox. Whole sets, of cape, muff, and hat in white swansdown bordered with striped with mole swansdown, have a most dressy effect, and are an absolute novelty.



A VERY ARTISTIC TEAGOWN.

A dream of soft ivory satin, gold patterned net, and dark fur, with long stole vestments falling back and front of tender pink velvet, heavily embroidered in gold and silver silk, and fine cords, jewelled shoulder straps and ornaments completing the scheme.

Millinery also will be exhaustively treated, for millinery, as some wag remarked recently, is a veritable disease. With most women the policy holds good, "when in doubt buy a hat." That at least makes a pause for greater events, the possession of a chic chapeau affording a feeling of well-being no other earthly thing, at least, is capable of

of all, the contents of the representative shops will be related at helpful length, and, be it particularly said, with the best discretion. Praise, for praise's sake, will be strenuously abjured, the confidence and respect of our readers being the first object. And that, once gained, will be a prize worthy to be held at every cost.

To-Day's Shopping: New Designs from Great Ateliers.

TO-DAY'S SHOPPING.

SEASONABLE DELIGHTS AT DEBENHAM AND FREEBODY'S.

Impressed always with the importance of being first in the field, this Wigmore-street firm consequently boast a clientèle of which



A REFLECTION AT REDFERN'S.

they are justifiably proud, and which their present season shows promise of welding still closer in affectionate regard. For a very cursory survey is all sufficient to convince the practised eye that Debenham and Freebody have secured some large share of the plums in the shape of exclusive gown models.

Brown chenille plays an important rôle worked in with a coarse, ivory guipure lace, as an incidental bolero to a skirt of double brown chiffon appliqué, with little velvet scroll motifs, and set with a very plethora of gaugings into the waist, the whole of this delicious affair being mounted over maize raffetas, and making for elegance. A pale blue mouseline de soie evening dress is a very dream of daintiness and skilled workmanship, bedecked with a wealth of tucks and minute gaugings, a ravishing little fichu of lace draping the shoulders, the ends weighted with diamanté balls, this line of lace being carried down either side of the front to the hem of the skirt, in a manner at once wholly charming and artistic. Nor in this galère of choice is the smart, serviceable tailor-made of the day omitted. Everything is worked practically on the premises. And thereby hangs a tale of economy, since in dealing with Messrs. Debenham and Freebody one goes direct to the fountain head, and so saves the devastating influence of the middleman, an avoidance at once advantageous to the firm and their clients. And

it will be readily understood how excellently, under these conditions, special designs and fancies are carried through, and also with a quite unusual degree of promptitude.

BEAUTIFUL MANTLES SEEN AT MARSHALL AND SNELGROVE'S.

The constant va et vient at this renowned establishment on the confines of Oxford-street proclaims more eloquently than any words the attractions to be found therein. In the matter of mantles, a peculiar under-

standing prevails here, with a very embarrass des choix, ranging from severe little tailor coats to beautiful recherché carriage and evening wraps. The Chinois cut is significantly in evidence, and is privileged to tell a persuasive story, in ciel blue face cloth, the fronts faced back with a very deeply-vandyked piece of guipure lace, the always welcome sable touch coming in a sprinkling of black taffeta rosettes, hung with diamanté pendeloques. An immensely chic little wrap, suitable for either carriage or evening wear, is of fine cream face cloth, elaborately stitched with a fine cream silk braid, the front and cuffs faced back with moleskin, this boasting one of the new flat round capes so suggestive of a priest's vestment, inset with motifs of coarse lace.

REFLECTIONS AT REDFERN'S

comprise a tale that is never by any possible chance told elsewhere. About a Redfern creation, there is always a cachet particulière, an air of bien être that bespeaks at once a clientèle of knowledgeable quality. If one may so say, there is nothing catchy, nor straining after the bizarre, in the designs evolved by this great house in the Rue de Rivoli, Paris, Conduit-street, London, and New York.

A delightful little sacque illustrated, of ivory cloth, the top and sleeves thrown back with ermine is there.

AN IMPRESSION AT PAQUIN'S.

The great house of Paquin is a law unto itself, and the powers that rule there have spoken this season in favour of a corsage,

pouching extravagantly over a high draped ceinture or tooled leather belt. In peltry persuasions, they are proclaiming the sympathetic influence of the bolero, cut short over little under-coatees of velvet or con-



AN IMPRESSION AT PAQUIN'S.

trasting furs, drooping always over a belt of convincing order, the sleeves ruffled with lace, after the style of the model sketched.

WHAT A WOMAN SHOULD KNOW.

The question "What shall I eat?" has perplexed the whole of mankind at some time or another, ever since the days of Adam. The reason is not far to seek, for proper food is the mainspring of good health.

It is not what you eat but what you digest that benefits you.

You transgress Nature's laws by eating improper food.

Nature requires that the body be fed properly—otherwise the mechanism gets out of gear. Food is the fuel which keeps the complicated machinery of life going, the brain requires nourishment, the muscles and the tissues need something to counterbalance the wear and tear of daily occupations. A natural, common-sense food is the only one which fulfils these requirements.

In meeting the competition of the world men are careful to provide the most economical energy for their machines. They weigh well the advantages of coal, oil, electricity, etc., in driving their industrial devices, and volumes and volumes have been written on the economy of power, but when the human machine is considered, if it ever is considered before it is worn out, there is a reckless disregard for all the laws of energy that is astounding.

There is a German proverb which says that what a man eats, he is, and while it may not be literally true, there is no doubt that the temperament is greatly affected by the food we eat. We live in a rapid age, and to be prepared for the strenuous life we must no longer live as our forefathers lived, and the time has come when we must adopt new foods to nourish our bodies and brains to prepare them for the strain of present conditions—foods which supply the system with nutrition with the least expenditure of energy to the digestive organs.

Wheat is one of the commonest and most extensively used foods in the world, and has been cultivated from the earliest ages, and yet it is only within the last few years that its nutritive value has been scientifically considered.

In manufacturing flour the miller does not consider the one economic point of nutrition, but how to produce a nice white flour in response to the demand of the good housekeeper who wants her bread to look "nice and white"; the food value of the miller's product is quite a secondary consideration.

It is because of this fact that so many young stomachs have been seriously injured.

The kernel of wheat is covered with a tough outer layer which at the upper end is fringed with hairs. This covering which forms the greater part of bran is very indigestible, but underneath the outer husk there is an inner husk containing some gluten and a large proportion of the phosphates and other mineral elements of the kernel. Under these two coverings is a layer that is rich in gluten and other nitrogenous elements, and is usually darker in colour than the interior, which contains principally starch, with a small portion of gluten. In the ordinary processes of milling, where whiteness is the main object, the inner coverings and much of the nutritive outer layer of the kernel are removed, and only the starchy contents and a very small porportion of the proteid are left.

Now as a "fuel" food starch serves an excellent purpose, but it has little or no value in building up the tissues of the human frame. It is what is known as a carbo-hydrate, and is chemically made up of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. Sugar contains the same elements. To replace the cells that are constantly being worn away in daily life, nitrogen must be added to the food supply. It is the proteids that contain nitrogen, and it is just these proteids which are usually removed to make your bread "nice and white."

Remove the husky outside coating of the wheat—which is very indigestible and very irritating to the lining of the stomach—and utilise the remainder without separating any of the proteid substance, and you have an ideal, common-sense wheat. This is known as "whole" wheat.

Whole wheat comes nearer supplying all the needs of man than any other one food, the proportions of proteids to carbo-hydrates being very nearly exactly what the human system demands.

"Force" is whole wheat.

That is why it is common-sense food.

There is absolutely nothing in "Force" but the entire kernel of the wheat with the tough, indigestible outer layer brushed off, and a flavouring of malt extract to provide a tonic property as well as to assist digestion, and the digestion of the foods taken at the same meal.

It is especially valuable to growing children, supplying the needs of enlarging bone, brain, and brain, and is excellent in regulating the system to counteract a tendency to constipation.

Food will tell

even though it cannot talk.

When you go to the Grocer's ask for a packet of the

BEST READY-COOKED BREAKFAST FOOD.

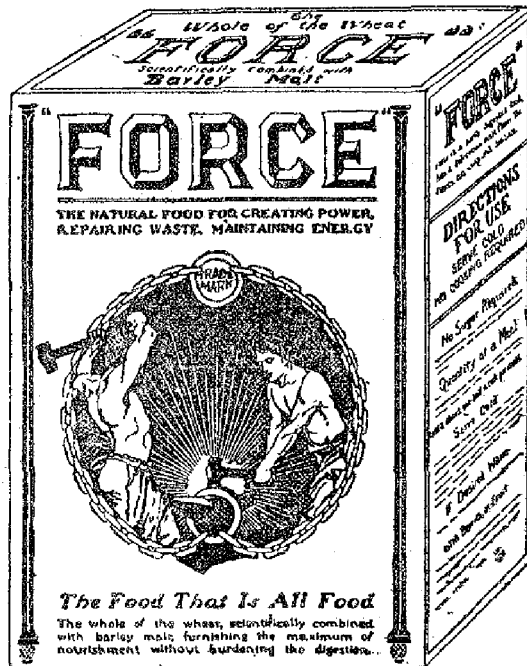
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Millinery and Latest Dress News from Paris.



THE VOGUE OF THE VEIL
One of the new small flat toques in mole-grey felt, emerald green ribbon and white wings. The veil is of rather heavily patterned net.

Hats are to be seen bicorné—with the points back and front—tricorné, and quatre corne; these similar shapes being considered most congruous with the long basqued coats. Gold galon is a favourite trimming; in one instance it binds the beaver brim, and also forms a cockade securing a shaded osprey. While a charming cream beaver tricorné has the galon laid on the brim a few inches from the edge, giving the effect of an appliqué ribbon design, of which a lover's knot comes on the left side, where the brim curves up a little more off the face. Under the brim a black ostrich feather is curled sideways round the bandeau. Yet another example has the two fronts of Irish guipure, and the crown and back of sable or mink, with a tuft of feathers low down on one side.

The bicorné is not so easy to wear as the tricorné, which has a picturesque and consequently generally becoming effect. The bicorné is severely smart. In some cases there is a small crown, as in a model of royal-blue velvet, piped and ruffled, with a wreath of small, blue velvet roses surrounding it, and overhanging at the back in a couple of small wreaths. In other cases beaver cloth makes a flat top to the toque coming

from the upper edges of the brim, the brim itself being composed entirely of wings overlaying each other. This shape comes very short at the back, and very much to a point in front; it is, in fact, the aristocratic cousin of the ready-made felt called the "torpedo." One such toque has almost the modelling of a parakeet's head; royal blue velvet gathered into medium tucks form the front point, and parrots' wings fabricate the whole of the rest of his chic creation.

The Napoleon, a chapeau of which the name suggests all that is most awe-inspiring, has in reality an effect which can only be described as "saucy." The wider turn up of the brim at the back is the feature, which distinguishes it from an ordinary tri-corner. In dark blue it looks well with a triple band of gold tinsel, and dark blue, and apple-green silk across the crown, and an up-standing osprey. The lozenge-shaped sailors, another of the season's innovations, which look so curious in the hand, when worn have a very smart appearance, coming well forward over the face without covering the front hair too much, and supporting the new loose, hanging veil.



ONE OF THE LATEST MODES.
Becoming hat of orchid mauve velvet, the brim and crown banded with old gold galon, a shaded ostrich plume sweeping completely over the hair at the back.

MILLINERY OF SMART WOMEN.

THE VALUE OF THE VEIL.

The fact is slowly, but very surely, being borne in upon us that there is no definite style in chapeaux.

To some this conclusion will come as a veritable delight, while others perchance will bemoan the "embarras des richesses" of unlimited choice. The high crown, however, has not become the accomplished fact predicted. That it is here is true enough, but merely as an incident among many. It was, for example, charmingly emphasised in "velour blanc" the lower half of the crown inset with a clear lace, worked with bullion gold, two lovely black ostrich feathers flung right across the back of the brim, curled over on their backs—as is now the mandate of the exclusive milliner—imparting the finishing touch of persuasive chic to an eminently choice effort.

Ostrich Feathers.

It is, forsooth, almost an exception to find an ostrich feather disposed "au naturel," though just how these millinerially gymnastic feats are contrived none but the elect are able to tell. Though we poor ignorants may perchance surmise, with some degree of certainty, that only the rarest and most perfect feathers are amenable to such strange and inconsequent manipulation. Similarly with all finely-bred things, they can apparently be bent, but never broken. But the contorted ostrich feather has to be seriously reckoned with for the immediate moment, since it carries the éclat of the exclusive ateliers, is privileged to wind its insidious way with equal impartiality both under and above the generous brims of picture hats; and is, furthermore, permitted to proclaim its elegant influence on toques in single spies, rather than whole battalions.

A beautiful white Venetian point lace model, the left side of the brim swept up corner-wise, right over the crown, carried a finger depth of dark brown fur round all the edges, and a glorious shaded mauve ostrich feather, that started with delightful irrelevance from out the centre of the curled brim, sweeping round the back until the tip curled over, apparently from its own weight, on to the hair at the back.

The Picture Hat.

Picture hats of black silk beaver, as light and souple as velvet, are de rigueur for visiting wear, pinched up to take a suggestion of a point over the face, the crown banded with the almost inevitable old gold galon, a sweep of black or white or feathers of magpie persuasion occurring at the back. Indeed, this fancy may be conclusively accepted as the headgear picturesque of the hour.

And in relation to the smart chapeau of the hour, the floating veil is a detail to be seriously reckoned with. This is a delightful adjunct even in its most familiar guise of blue gauze, albeit only the few are cognisant even yet how to correctly arrange the affair, hence the regrettable parodies abounding of a really persuasive toque. It is, however, of the developments, quite recently evolved, we would speak, commencing with a deep full frill of lace that just escapes the eye—a most seductive simulation, and culminating in the bordered Chantilly veils of the early sixties. Under latter-day régime, these just touch the shoulders, and are worn with the top edge full gathered on a drawstring, whence the whole affair hangs at its own sweet will.



A GOWN SENSIBLE AND SMART,
arranged in the new mole-grey cloth; a charming touch of Oriental galon appearing at the top of the bodice, in which a suspicion of emerald green occurs, and which justifies the wearing of a green leather belt. Hat of green beaver felt, with a forest of black and white ospreys.

YESTERDAY'S DRESS GOSSIP IN PARIS.

THE CRINOLINE DISCUSSED.

It is a remarkable and most encouraging sign of the times that this autumn has not seen the return of the crinoline. Everything strictly sartorial is favourable for the return of this ancient gardienne des vertus—full overtrimmed skirts, sloping shoulders, loose sleeves, Eugénie turbans, shawls, fichus, fringes, even earrings, these baubles, long and tinkling, swinging, not from the ears, but from ribbons on the hat, and, if allowed to fall too low, tangling up the hair in disturbing fashion.

I will go so far as to say that dress-makers themselves are not above advocating the crinoline, if they dared, so wholly occupied are they with the character, the atmosphere of a toilette. Their minds are steeped in the fashions of the past, and the pictorial side inevitably appeals to the artists of dress-design to a greater extent than the utilitarian.

The Winter Fashion.

When we look at the fashionable woman this winter we cannot help remarking what a triumph is hers. Her waist, supple and in good proportion to her shoulders and hips, is encircled by a full skirt, whose little plaits, though laid regularly all about, do not in any way represent the width of the sweeping hem, so learnedly does the modern cutter manipulate her breadths. Though from hem to knee there is a mass of platings, ruffles, fringes, bows, and whatnot, the materials are much lighter in weight than the thick wools, stiff silks, and heavy velvets of early looms, and the two or three quilted petticoats beneath are as conspicuous by their absence as the crinoline. The supple fabric, in spite of its lavish adornment, conforms more or less, according to the wearer's movements, to the natural lines of the figure. The sloping shoulder is attained, not in the primitive fashion of dropping the seam half way to the elbow and binding every gesture of the arms, but by an adroit simulation that gives grace without discomfort.

Triumph of the Tailleur.

Still another thing marks the progress of the modern woman towards freedom, and places her far in advance of the specialist: her dress-designer, who, like all specialists, is limited in his point of view. They show us at the couturières these wonderfully trimmed models, so sumptuous, so dressy, so wholly fitted for the elegant life of a great city. And in your guise as fashion chronicler, if you ask about the welfare of the *trottoir*, the walking skirt, they shake their heads with a bored expression and say: "Oh, that is only for walking!" as though they dealt exclusively with a queenly creature from the middle ages, whose days are spent in a marble hall or a sedan chair. Even the parasite class of inactive, unproductive, over-civilized females in a few great capitals are nowadays more strenuous than a dressmaker's mannequin, and the healthy modern woman of the upper classes, with her constitutional promenades, her charities, her maternal duties, her participation in the intellectual life of her times, has, for a good half of her day, need for a rational costume that leaves limbs and brain free for action.

Thus the Parisienne is ordering of her tailor, this autumn a number of short-skirted gowns of great variety of style and quality, and which you may see her wearing in the morning in the Bois, at Durand Ruel's Picture Gallery, and at similar places before the social duties of the day commence at lunch.



BEAUTY AND THE TOILET

The Daily Round for the Complexion.

THE quest of beauty is undoubtedly a duty, so at least affirms a woman doctor, who declares that all efforts to be beautiful are bound in time to improve the general health and to increase the physical powers. She affirms that one of the reasons why radiant health is not more common, is the fact that women become discouraged too soon in their search for comeliness, and do not strive hard and long enough to attain good looks.

The greatest charm that a woman can possess is undoubtedly that of a fine, satiny complexion. Many despairing women aver that the perfect skin is born, not made. They should be cheered by the undoubted fact that the skin can be trained to become firm, clear, hardy and elastic, and that any woman, in spite of natural defects, can improve her complexion, provided she will attend to a few simple rules.

Learn to Breathe.

Half-an-hour before breakfast drink a glass of hot water in which a pinch of salt has been dropped.

On rising, take a bath of tepid or cold water and scrub the flesh with a loofah and good pure soap. Friction the skin with a Turkish towel or flesh glove. Wash the face with soft rain water or a thin gruel made of bran steeped in boiling water and allowed to go cold.

Take breathing exercises for five minutes before an open window. Place the heels together, hold the head up, the chin in, the chest up, the hips back, and let the hands hang loosely at the sides. Take one long breath, count ten, and exhale sharply through the teeth. Repeat this process for five minutes.

After lunch, rest for half-an-hour with closed eyes and in a relaxed position. Before going out have the face with hot rose water.

The Dinner Gong.

Before dinner rest for ten minutes on the sofa with closed eyes, on which a thin muslin rag has been laid, steeped in a lotion of boracic acid powder and water, in the proportions of half a teaspoonful of boracic acid to a pint of hot water. Cleanse the face with distilled water and cold cream. Knead the cheeks with the knuckles and friction the skin with the palm of the hand, lightly smeared with pure cream or almond oil. Pale women may obtain a colour by washing the face with a hot gruel of oatmeal and water, afterwards sponging it with pure alcohol.

On retiring bathe the body and face. In the bath put a bag of cheese-cloth containing two quarts of bran, one ounce of powdered orris root, one ounce of almond meal, and one small cake of the purest white castile soap shred in small pieces. Friction the body with a dry fish glove, and the face, if the cuticle is strong—not unless. Those with dry skins should massage the face with good cold cream. Greasy skins will be benefited by a lotion of rose water and a few drops of simple tincture of benzoin.

Repeat the breathing exercises. Sleep with

the window open. Those who wish to preserve the skin from wrinkles and creases should carefully avoid soft pillows, and should use a small, hard one.

Although each skin is individual and the same treatment cannot be meted out to all, yet daily bathing of the whole body, gentle friction of the skin, fresh air and exercise are essential to every woman if she intends to acquire a peach-like complexion. Many complexion specialists declare that the secret of muddy and dingy skins arises simply from the fact that so few women know how to wash their faces properly, and that the first duty of an expert is to instruct her patient in the method of perfect cleanliness. It is also absolutely necessary that "little Mary's" well-being be assured. Unless the digestive organs are in good working order the complexion will not be what is desired.

THE JEWEL BOX.

GEMS AND THE CARE THEY NEED.

Every stone requires some kind of special care. Pearls should be particularly well nurtured. To begin with, they should never be kept locked up in safes where light and air cannot get at them, or they will lose their colour, and become "sick," as jewellers term it. If possible they should always be worn next to the skin, though it does not follow they need be in evidence; for many women wear them under their high dresses. Experts in pearls say that the best way of keeping these exquisite gems is to lay them in picked chamois leather skins, and now and then to polish them with this leather.

Never Wash Pearls.

They should never be washed, and this is a very important matter, as an occasional rub and polish with a chamois leather is quite sufficient to preserve their beauty. Pearls that have lost their lustre have occasionally been known to recover. Take the case of Mary, Duchess of Hamilton, for instance, whose black pearls had been shut up in a safe for many years, and were in a very poor condition when brought out; but a jeweller advised her to wear them as often as possible, and next to the skin, which she did, even when out haymaking, and the warmth of the skin in due course restored the gems to their first beauty.

Some people have an idea that black and pink pearls are more valuable than white, but this is not at all the case. It is only a question of degree. Black pearls are undoubtedly very fine, and may be said to have two lustres, a green and a grey. The former is more valuable, though many prefer the latter. The pearls belonging to Mary, Duchess of Hamilton, just referred to, are known as "green" black pearls, and Mrs. Claude Watney also possesses some superb "green" black ones, and Lady Ilchester and Lady Maple have also beautiful black specimens.

No Soap, Please.

Hard stones, such as diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, and rubies, the four most valuable jewels, should never be washed with soap, as this process loosens the setting. Wash them in clear, cold water, and then proceed to dry them, finally placing them in sawdust.

THE DISH OF THE DAY.

No. 1.—SOLE A LA SAVOY.

(By M. THOURAUD, of the Savoy Restaurant.)

Take a nice sole, as soon as boiled in the "fumet de poisson," and a glass of white wine, place it on a fireproof dish, add two crushed tomatoes, chopped herbs, raw minced mushrooms, and some slices of truffles; the mushrooms symmetrically arranged on the sole, the tomatoes on each side. At either extremity of the sole place a bunch of sprue arranged like a fan (the sprue should be first boiled and rolled in melted butter), place the whole in the oven, and keep it warm. Sprue is otherwise called asparagus tops.

To make the sauce take a glass of white wine, add some butter, boil until reduced to half; whip vigorously and add a tablespoonful of "fish flavouring," strain and pour over the sole, sprinkle the whole with grated Parmesan cheese, place the slices of truffles on the fish, and serve.

OYSTERS AU GRATIN.

Strain the liquor from three dozen oysters through muslin into an enamelled saucepan, add the oysters, and bring the liquor gradually to boiling point; then take out the oysters, and, after removing the beards, cut each into four pieces. Melt one and a half ounces of butter in a stewpan, stir in by degrees one and a half ounces of flour, and let the mixture cook very gently for five minutes without acquiring any colour. Measure the oyster-liquor and add sufficient cream to make half a pint; stir this slowly into the butter and flour, and continue to stir until the sauce is perfectly smooth and thick; season it with salt, white pepper, a dust of cayenne, a little grated nutmeg, and a few drops of anchovy vinegar. Add the oysters to the sauce, remove the pan from the stove, and fill some little French china gratin dishes with the mixture. Pour a small quantity of warm butter over the top, then put a layer of finely-sifted dry breadcrumbs, which have been seasoned with salt and pepper, and bake the oysters in a quick oven until the crumbs are a golden brown.

ROUGETS A LA BORDELAISE.

Take three or four red mullets, place them in a buttered sautépan and season them with pepper and salt. Moisten them with three glasses of red wine with some essence of mushrooms, a little anchovy essence, Harvey sauce, Worcester sauce, and a bouquet of fine herbs. Baste them frequently when cooking them. Remove the fish and thicken the sauce with a little brown roux. When boiling add some chopped mushrooms, truffles, and parsley. Pour the sauce over the fish, and serve the dish very hot.

SALADE A L'AMERICAINE.

Take equal quantities of apple, cut in slices, walnuts blanched, slices of bananas and lettuce. Make a dressing of a little mustard, pepper and salt, a little castor sugar, a few drops each of Chili vinegar, tarragon, and lemon juice. Then add two table-spoonsful of thick rich cream; lightly season the lettuce leaves with pepper, salt, oil, and vinegar. Place the lettuce round the edge of the dish, and the apples, walnuts, and bananas, with the dressing, in the centre.

FILETS DE PERDREAUX.

Lard some partridges with small pieces of fat bacon. Roast them quickly, basting them frequently with butter. Next remove the breast in neat filets, glaze them over and salamander them. Dish them up neatly with a purée of chestnuts in the centre and a rich gravy round the base.

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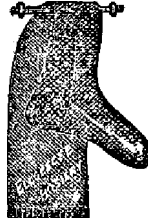


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THE DAILY TIME-SAVER

A good dinner brings out the softer side of a man.

A CHOICE OF DISHES.

BREAKFAST.

Grilled Mackerel. Chicken Rissoles. Eggs with Burnt Vinegar. Filets de Kedgerce. Ham Toast. Mock Sausage.

LUNCH.

Oysters au Gratin. Œufs en Cocotte. Noisettes d'Agneau Grillé. Filets de Perdreaux. Fonds d'Artichauts. Compote de Pigeons. Pouding Caramel. Flanc à l'Américaine. Corbeilles de Cerise. Gateau St. Honoré.

Cold Dishes.

Ham. Cold Pheasant. Cold Grouse. Chicken with Béchamel Sauce. Tongue with Cherry Salad.

TEA.

Chocolate Cake. Cream Buns. Yorkshire Tea Cakes. Egg Sandwiches.

DINNER.

Consommé Alexandra. Potage Tortue.

Fish.

Sole à la Savoy. Rougets à la Bordelaise.

Entrées.

Medallions de Faisans Engellée. Mauviettes Farcies. Sauce Périgueux.

Roast.

Filet de Bœuf Provençale. Selle d'Agneau. Sauce Menthé.

Gauze.

Canard Sauvage. Cailles sur Canapées. Salade d'Oranges. Salade à l'Américaine.

Vegetables.

Asperges. Haricots verts au Beurre.

Sweets.

Petit Savarin au Rhum. Soufflé de Chocolat. Sauce Crème.

Savouries.

Bouchées Napolitaine. Olives Farcies. Ice. Crème à la Vanille en Surprise.

MEMORANDA FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

THE daily time-saver for housekeepers is intended to assist in the morning task of ordering the supplies for the day. Careful study of it will show that it has been so designed as to meet the requirements of those directing establishments conducted on a moderate scale of expense, as well as those on a grand scale.

The choice of dishes will be changed every day, and menus of any length can be easily drawn up from it. They will be specially devised to suit the needs of large and small families.

The lists were corrected at the various London markets on Saturday evening.

FLOWERS IN SEASON.

Blossoms for the Table.

Chrysanthemums of all colours, but especially of the new mauve shade, bronze and amber.

Mimosa. Flame-coloured Azalea Mollis. Neapolitan and Dark Russian Violets. Autumn Leaves. Scarlet Veitchii. Smilax.

Plants, and Cut Flowers for the House.

Harrissii Lily. Auratum Lilies. Scarlet Nerine. Winter Cherries. Pandanus, a foliage plant with decorative white and green leaves.

Orange Trees. Cape Gooseberries or Physalis, planted in a pot with low ferns at the base.

PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

Fish:

Red Mullet. Soles. Lemon Soles. Plaice. Whiting. English Mackerel. Dutch Smelts. Whitebait. Turbot. Halibut. Gurnet. Lobsters. Crabs. Oysters.

Poultry and Game:

Turkeys. Goslings. Quail. Bordeaux Pigeons. Pheasants. Partridges. Grouse. Hares. Leverets. Widgeon. Woodcock. Wild Duck. Teal. Snipe. Golden Plover.

Meat:

English, Scotch, and Dutch Lamb. Beef. Mutton. Pork. Veal.

FRUITS IN SEASON.

Grapes. Bananas. English Melons. Jamaican Oranges. Pineapples. Italian Figs. Avocado or Alligator Pears, a curious fruit much liked by some people and disliked by others. Doyenne du Comice Pears, a Californian product with a very fine flavour.

News of Pastimes: Hunting, Golf, etc.

FROM THE SHIRES.

EXTRACTS FROM MY HUNTING DIARY.

Oct. 31: We have taken a house in Melton Mowbray for the winter, and are a small, but merry party, intent on enjoying ourselves; leaving "dull care" far away in London. It has always been a pet theory of mine that anyone should come to the Shires for one or two seasons' hunting, just to be "brushed" up. Learn hunting by all means in the provinces, but do not attempt Leicestershire until you have had several years experience, either in woodlands or in a plough country. Leicestershire is no good as an "infant school," but perfection as a "finishing master."

With the Cottesmore.

The Cottesmore pack, with its dashing huntsman, Arthur Thatcher, has had a full share of good sport already this season. Mr. Hanbury, the Master, does not care for old-fashioned cub-hunting, but allows his hounds to hunt in the open as early as the third week in August, and often kills a cub in standing corn. The day we met at Ranksboro Gorse we were soon away by Langham Pastures, circling round Great Pickwell to ground in some well-known holes below Owston Village; this was a nice hunting run of an hour, with the usual incidents of harmless falls and much amusement. Colonel Grenfell emerged from a fence covered with branches, having carried away most of his neighbour's land-mark; two of the hunt servants were down, and many more; with the going desperately deep and the fences very blind, this is sure to happen.

A Glorious Run.

Now for the cream of the day: Just as Thatcher was drawing hounds out of the Cold Overton Spinnies, news was brought him of the whereabouts of a fox. Gathering his pack together he flew to the Fishpond spinnies. With a wave of his arm the hounds threw themselves into covert, and in a few moments we saw a long, lean fox with a fine white tag to his brush, canter up the hill towards Pickwell in the most unconcerned manner possible. Close on his departure followed the hounds, and they ran a cracking pace over the big grass fields to Leesthorpe, where they crossed a very boggy bottom and turned to the left, flying over Little Dalby Park without a check, till they fattered for a few minutes below Burrough Wood, only to take up the line with renewed vigour the further side of the Green Lane, then over the Great Dalby road, and straight on without a moment's hesitation into Thorpe Trussells, where most probably our tired fox got to ground.

Thatcher says, however, that he saw him, or another fox that had been on foot, creep away. Anyhow, hounds hunted on slowly by Ashby Folville and South Croxton to within a few fields of Barkby Holt, when they were stopped nine miles as the crow flies, but much further as hounds travelled. I doubt if we shall have a better day this year.

A Gallop With the Quorn.

The Quorn scored a delightful gallop this week from Ragdale Wood. Turning left-handed over the bottom, hounds ran very fast past the hall, and held on towards Ella's Gorse; here a nasty-looking brook, full to the brim, somewhat scattered the field. One gallant soldier received rather a rude shock; his horse had just plunged into the deepest part, and he was scrambling out on to the bank, when over him came the German Baron. Happily no harm was done, and peace was soon restored. Veering still to the left, hounds continued the chase up to Wineswold Village, where scent failed. Mrs. W. Lawson, Mrs. R. Muir, and Mrs. C. Philipps were all going well.

Alas! the end of the cubbing season is at hand; what excellent sport we have had this October—the best there has been for years! Kirkby Gate, the opening meet of the Quorn, is duly advertised for Monday, and we must don our best habits and say farewell to one of the best cubbing seasons on record.

"Lucy Glitters."

HUNTING ITEMS.

Hunting proper commences to-day. Reports from all parts of the country state that the ground is sudden, and that the country is unusually heavy and "blind." At Lewes on Wednesday the late Master of the South-down Hunt, the Hon. Charles Brand, will be the recipient of a handsome presentation. Mr. Eugene Wells, of Buxhall Vale, near Stowmarket, Suffolk, who last season resumed the Mastership of Suffolk Foxhounds, is starting a hunting establishment of his own to hunt the country between Stowmarket, Woodbridge, and Ipswich. There is a change of Mastership in Norwich Stag-hounds, and Mr. John Cooke has introduced some new hounds and deer, and until bad weather set in was working hard with pack three and four days a week.

TO-DAY'S APPOINTMENTS.

The following are some of the hunting meets near London to-day:—
South Berks at Aldworth, from Paddington to Reading by 9 and 9.35 trains.
Crawley and Horsham at Romange, from London Bridge to Horsham by 9.25 train.
Garth at Billingbear Park (opening meet), from Paddington to Reading by 9 and 9.35 trains.
Hambleton Hounds at Chawton House (11.15), from Waterloo to Alton by 8.50 train.
Puckeridge at Brent Pelham Hall, from Liverpool-street to Bishops Stortford by 8.40 train.

At Lord's ground on Saturday Hampstead lacrosse team accomplished a fine performance by defeating Woodford, the champions of the South of England, by 6 goals to 4. For several seasons Woodford had never suffered defeat by any Southern club, although they had occasionally had to lower their colours to Northern combinations.

ON THE GOLF LINKS.

TO-DAY'S STRUGGLE FOR THE LADIES' COUNTY "BLUE RIBBON."

To-day, at Sunningdale, will be played the first stage of the final struggle between the three Divisional winners for the Ladies' "Blue Ribbon" of county golf.

The competing counties are Kent, Devon, and Worcester, which emerge as winners from the Southern, Western, and Northern Divisions.

Kent will be represented by Mrs. Stanley Stubbs, the bronze medalist of 1901; Miss D. Evans, who has lost no matches during the season; Mrs. Jackson, a well-known long driver; Mrs. Wilson Hoare, a remarkably steady player; Mrs. Mackern (the captain), who has a deadly approach stroke; Miss Butler, Mrs. Edwards, and Mrs. Boys.

For Devon, the players include the Hon. L. Yarde-Buller, Miss Collett, Mrs. Wingfield Stratford, Miss Morant, Mrs. Bowker, and Miss Compton Lundie.

Scottish Records Beaten.

Some brilliant scoring was accomplished at the autumn meeting of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers, held on Saturday at Muirfield.

There were fifty-seven competitors, including the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, Mr. Robert Maxwell (the amateur champion), Mr. J. E. Laidlay, and Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville (both ex-champions).

Mr. Laidlay played a brilliant game, going out in 39, and coming home in 37, and winning the club gold medal with a total of 76. His 76 beat the medal-play record for the green, the previous best being 77 by Mr. Robert Maxwell.

Mr. Laidlay was partnered by the Prime Minister, who, however, played below form. He started badly by driving out of bounds, and never afterwards got on his game. Lieut. Hutchison was second with 77; Mr. Maxwell third with 78; and Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville fourth with 80.

At the postponed autumn meeting of the Mortonhall club (Edinburgh), on Saturday, Mr. W. H. Hamilton (who was runner-up to Mr. H. H. Hilton in the Irish open championship of 1902) played a wonderful round of 69—36 out and 33 home—and, in addition to winning the medal and captain's prize, beat the record for the green by three strokes, the previous best being 72 by Mr. W. B. Taylor and the late Lieut. F. G. Tait.

CHAMPION LADY SWIMMERS.

The final ties of the Life Saving Society's swimming contests at the Holborn Baths on Saturday were witnessed by a large number of ladies. The proceeds are to be devoted to the funds of the London Hospital.

Persistence won the final heat of the ladies' team race handily, beating Victoria in 3 min. 58 sec. The Leith Police (champions of Scotland) defeated Eastbourne (champions of the Southern Counties) in the final tie of the National Life Saving Competition by 74 points to 61. The final of the tug-of-war was won by the City of London Police team, who, though never yet beaten, nearly met their match on this occasion in the Metropolitan Police (Islington) S.C.

RACING.

The Folkestone October Meeting was favoured by dull autumnal weather on Saturday. There was a large attendance from the chief watering-places in the neighbourhood, and many pretty toilettes were worn. By his victory on Turveydrop, Lane, between whom and Madden there is an interesting fight for the jockey premiership, put himself one ahead of his rival, the respective scores now being 133-134. Winners and starting prices:—

Race.	Horse.	Rider.	Price.
Dead (14)	Brown Bones	B. Dillon	6 to 1
Maiden (18)	The Kid	B. Dillon	100 to 8
Westenbanger (10)	Dressmaker	Randall	7 to 1
Handicap (7)	Milford Lad	Butcher	4 to 1
Less (17)	Milford Lad	Butcher	7 to 2
Cliff (6)	Turveydrop	W. Lane	11 to 10

(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.)

A two day meeting commences at Birmingham to-day. CHAPEAU or COWE O'KEILDER should carry off the November Nursery, but the Hindlin Plate, and MERRY SAINT the Maiden Plate.

FOOTBALL RESULTS.

After going through the first two months of the season without experiencing defeat in the First and Second Leagues, Sheffield United and Woolwich Arsenal, the respective leaders, both sustained the first reverse on Saturday at the feet of Aston Villa and Barnsley. The two Sheffield teams are still at the head of the premier Association competition, but Preston North End, having won their match against Grimsby, are now the legitimate leaders of the second division.

Corinthians played a tie with Millwall of three goals each; the Casuals beat the Dark Blues by three goals to one; but the Light Blues defeated Middlesex by three to nil.

Queen's Park Rangers and Fulham played a draw of one goal each in the Association cup; and in the same competition West Ham beat Brighton and Hove by four goals to nil.

Under the Rugby code the Dark Blues administered a heavy defeat to Old Merchant Taylors by 32 points to 8 points; London Scottish beat Marlborough Nomads by 8 points to 3 points; Richmond beat Harlequins by 17 points to 5 points; the Light Blues vanquished Old Leymans by 29 points to 5 points; Cardiff beat Leicester by 25 points to nil; Bristol defeated Blackheath by 10 points to nil; and London Hospital scored 8 points to London Irish 3.

MOTORING.

The new car which the Prime Minister, Mr. Arthur Balfour, has ordered is a six-cylinder Napier of a nominal 18 h.p. The chief feature of this car lies in the fitting of an automatic hydraulic air regulator to the carburettor, which, combined with a variable lift to the inlet valves, will render the motor absolutely silent on all speeds. By the Motor Car Acts, 1896 and 1903, the London County Council is empowered to deal with matters of registering motor cars and licensing drivers. The Act comes into operation on January 1 and to-morrow the Council will be asked to prescribe a fee of 10s. for registration, and 1s. for a licence.

Cambridge University lacrosse team had matters all their own way in a match against Croydon at Cambridge on Saturday, scoring 24 goals to nil.

LADIES' HOCKEY.

THE MATCH SEASON NOW IN FULL SWING.

On Saturday ladies' hockey clubs started their season in real earnest.

Practice matches have been the order of the day until last week in most clubs, and the few who had arranged matches were in many cases compelled to "scratch" owing to the wet weather.

On Saturday the best of the ladies' matches was that between Chiswick and the Royal Free Hospital, the former winning by 8 goals to 3.

The Hospital had the best of things for the first quarter of an hour, and scored twice, the first time with a good shot from the centre, and the next the result of a scrimmage in the circle.

It was not till after half-time that the Chiswick forwards began to get together at all. They then succeeded in breaking through the strong defence offered by the Hospital backs and goalkeeper.

Miss Veal and Miss Todhunter were the best of the Chiswick team. The Hospital had a capital forward line, but they were not well supported, as their captain, Miss Lomas, and another of their usual halves, were absent.

Tunbridge Wells Ladies' Club defeated Tunbridge Wells High School on Saturday by 10 goals to 5 at Tunbridge Wells.

At Nottingham on Saturday the Blue Caps Ladies' Club beat Sherwood Ladies' Club by 11 goals to 1.

TO-DAY'S MATCHES.

Richmond v. Spring Grove, at Richmond.
Blandlands v. Wallasey, at Wallasey.
Sidecup v. Tulse Hill, at Tulse Hill.
Atlanta U. v. Chislehurst, at Bickley.

£100,000 FOR READERS

"THE DAILY MIRROR."

A GREAT CO-OPERATIVE SCHEME.

The cost of the establishment of the new London morning journal is estimated at between £250,000 and £300,000.

In order to attain the success desired by those responsible for the *Daily Mirror*, it has been decided to expend a large proportion of the capital involved in entirely novel methods, by which the readers and private advertisers will co-operate in founding the journal, and will receive in return large sums of money, which will be divided among them.

CHAPTER I.

The first chapter of our scheme is a simple one. It will, we think, result in practical suggestions for the benefit of our journal. Briefly, it is as follows:—

£500 FOR A POSTCARD.

We are desirous of receiving suggestions for the improvement of the *Daily Mirror*. We will present our first

£1,000

to those who send the best hints, written on postcards, on or before Wednesday, December 2nd.

Any person can send any number of hints, and gentlemen as well as ladies can assist. The rule should be observed of one hint on one postcard.

The £1,000 will be divided as follows:—

For the Best Suggestion - - £500.

For the Second Best - - £100.

Eighty other Suggestions - - £5 each.

The winners may, if they choose, nominate charities for the receipt of their awards if they do not care to retain the money themselves.

With regard to the awards for postcard suggestions the Editors of the *Daily Mirror* reserve to themselves the absolute right to be the sole arbitrators in making any gift or award without giving any reason, and in case of any dispute their decision must be considered as final.

All postcards should be addressed:—

Suggestion Department,
THE DAILY MIRROR,
2, Carnarville-street,
LONDON, E.C.

CHAPTER II.

Prizes for Private Advertisers.

The private advertiser is the backbone of such a newspaper. It is said in the newspaper world that he is the last to come to a newspaper and the last to go. The obtaining of these advertisements, as a rule, requires years of patient and expensive canvassing and circularising. We propose to spend little on canvassing and circularising, but to divide large sums in cash and in kind among the private advertisers themselves. Every private advertiser will receive a gift, until further notice, and an office has been opened in New Bond-street, the address of which we shall publish this week for the receipt of the advertisements and the presentation of the gifts. No private advertisements will be accepted for several days until the preliminary rush for the *Daily Mirror* has settled down into a permanent and steady circulation that will bring to every advertiser an abundance of replies.

By "private advertisements" we mean those announcing:—

Houses to be Let or Wanted.
Flats to be Let or Wanted.
Apartments to be Let or Wanted.
Secretaries Wanted.
Governesses Wanted.
Housekeepers Wanted.
Butlers Wanted.

Valets Wanted.
Cooks Wanted.
Housemaids Wanted.
Parlourmaids Wanted.
General Servants Wanted.
Coachmen Wanted.
Grooms Wanted.
Chauffeurs Wanted.

and all requiring servants, or servants wanting places, as well as various miscellaneous wants.

REDMAYNE & CO.,

SPECIAL DISPLAY of
NOVELTIES FOR
LADIES' ATTIRE

THIS DAY and
following Days, in

BLOUSES,
COSTUMES,
MANTLES,
FURS,
HOSIERY,
GLOVES,
&c., &c.

The Latest Modes at
Most Reasonable Prices.

Inspection
Invited.

New Illustrated Catalogue and Fashion Book
(Just Out), Post Free on request.

REDMAYNE & CO., Ltd.,
19, 20, NEW BOND-ST., & } LONDON, W.
34, 35, CONDUIT-ST., }



The MIGNON CORSET.

A quite new Corset, cut low in bust, so as to give perfect freedom to the upper part of the figure. At the same time these Corsets are cut high at the sides to keep the figure well in position, while they are also very long over the hips, with best whalebone and suspenders attached.

PRICE FROM

35/-

Made to Order,
or can be had on approval,
with other models.

HANCOCK & JAMES

(over Grafton Galleries),

8, GRAFTON ST., BOND ST.

T.W. THOMPSON & Co.

SALE of LADIES' UNDERWEAR

To-day and during the Week.

SPECIAL PURCHASE

500 LADIES' KNITTED PURE WOOL TOILET JACKETS, large collar and girdle, in sky, cardinal, pink, heliotrope, white and sky, white and pink, &c., at 2/11, worth 4/11.

90 LADIES' "COSY" KNITTED WOOL TOILET GOWNS in sky, pink and heliotrope, white and sky, white and pink, large collar, wool trimming and girdle. Price during this week 10/11, usually 18/11.

LADIES' "ALL WOOL" COMBINATIONS, all sizes, 3/11, 4/11, 6/11, 8/11.

SPECIAL VALUE in LADIES' FLANNELETTE NIGHT-GOWNS, white, pink, stripes, &c., from 2/11 to 10/11.

A LARGE LOT "TRAVELLERS' SAMPLES," Ladies' Irish Hand-made Underwear, also Ladies' Mull Underwear, Trimmed Lace, Nightgowns, Chemises, Combinations &c., WILL BE OFFERED EXACTLY AT MANUFACTURERS' PRICES.

T. W. THOMPSON & CO.,

164, 165, 166, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD,

1, 2, 3, 4, UNIVERSITY STREET, W.

Prompt attention to all post orders.

THE AMERICAN SHOE CO.,

169, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.,

AND BRANCHES.

Have on view an

IMMENSE ASSORTMENT of HIGHEST GRADE

AMERICAN

BOOTS and SHOES

of the finest quality at

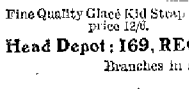
MODERATE PRICES.



Glaced Kid or Box Calf Lace Shoes,
Narrow and Medium Toe, price 14/9.



Glaced Kid or Box Calf Button
and Lace Boots, Narrow and
Medium Toe, price 18/6.



Fine Quality Glaced Kid Street Shoes,
price 12/6.

Head Depot: 169, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

Branches in all principal towns.

PRICE
18/6

PRICE
12/6

Write for Catalogue.
Goods sent on approval.

£7:10 BENSON'S £5

WATCHES AND RINGS
At Makers' Cash Prices,
Saving Buyers ONE-THIRD.






Keyless Lever watch, in 18-ct. Gold Cases; Hunting, or Half-Hunting, £7 10s.

Brilliant and Sapphire or Ruby, £2 10s.

Brilliant and Rubies, £17.

Gold Keeper Rings, from 10s.

Brilliant Rubies or Sapphires, £2 15s.

Keyless Lever Watch in 18-ct. Gold Crystal Glass Cases, £5.

Brilliant, £15.

NOTE.—Watches, Clocks, Chains, Rings, Bags, &c., can be supplied on "The Times" System of Monthly Payments at same Cash prices.

SELECTIONS ON APPROVAL.

INSPECTION INVITED.

Gold Guard or Muff Chains, £4 to £25.

Guide Book, profusely illustrated, of Watches, Jewellery, Chains, Rings, Bags, &c., Free. Steam Factory: **62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.;** (MENTION "DAILY MIRROR.") And 25, OLD BOND ST., W.

Hewetsons

Furniture, Upholstery, Carpets, &c., &c.



SMART, EFFICIENT AND INEXPENSIVE.

Write for Large Illustrated Catalogue. Thousands of designs, with Estimates and Sketches, for completely Furnishing the Home at stated sums. Special Reductions during Rebuilding.

213-204, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.

10 Guinea WEDDING TROUSSEAUX.

MARVELLOUS VALUE. ILLUSTRATED LIST FREE.



One of the items—NIGHTDRESS, 9/11.

H. C. RUSSELL, SIDNEY PLACE and WARDOUR STREET, W.
(Near Piccadilly Circus.)

RUSS & CO.,

MANUFACTURING FURRIERS,

70, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

AND AT

50, 52, BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

EXCLUSIVE MODELS IN CHOICE FUR GARMENTS, Pelerines AND STOLEs.

EXPERTS IN ALL FUR WORK.

VALÉRIE,

COURT MILLINER,

12, NEW BURLINGTON-ST., W.



In any coloured cloth, with black or white mount, price 21/9.

MADAME VALÉRIE announces her return from Paris with the Latest Creations in AUTUMN MILLINERY, having secured the services of Modistes from the leading Paris Houses. She has now "les derniers cris" in Hats and Bonnets at her Showrooms, at her usual moderate prices. SCENTED VEILS 1/7 each. Great selection of FURS. Renovations a Speciality.

Millinery sent on Approval upon Receipt of London Trade Reference, or Deposit.

Dr. Lahmann's

Shape-Knitted

COTTONWOOL UNDERCLOTHING.

Soft, Non-Shrinking, Non-Irritating.

PRICE LIST, TESTIMONIALS, and CUTTINGS Post Free from

THE LAHMANN AGENCY,

15, Fore Street, London, E.C.

Ladies', 6/6, Children's, 4/6, S.S.



YOU CAN GET FREE

a handsome box of Chocolates and Confections for Christmas

by beginning now to collect the Coupons, one of which is enclosed in every tin of Rowntree's Elect Cocoa.

Free coupons to start collection, collecting-sheet, and particulars sent on receipt of postcard addressed: "Elect Coupons," Rowntree, M.I. Department, York.



FOR THE WINTER.

Special Rates for Exportation. Any Length Sold.

Pattens with Self-Measurement Forms and Price Lists Post Free.

Egerton Burnett's Royal Sergees

Look well, last long, and are for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children, in Navy Blue, Black, Crimson, Grey, Green, etc. Various Prices, and in Light Weights for Warm Climates.

Dress Fabrics, Reversible Tweeds, Blouse Flannels; also Scotch Winceys, Warm Charity Undershirts at 3/9; Rugs from 3/3; Wool Shawls from 1/8½; etc. Ladies' Costumes from 26/-; Girls' Dresses from 9/-; Gentlemen's Suits from 35/-; Overcoats from 28/3; and Boys' Suits from 10/6 to measure.

No. 123. Address: **EGERTON BURNETT, Ltd., M. Warehouse, Wellington, Somerset, Eng.** No. 199.




NOURISH YOUR HAIR.

Preserve, Restore, and Beautify it, and Stimulate its Growth by using

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

Sold in a golden colour for fair-haired ladies and children. Nothing produces such a dressy appearance of the hair, stimulates its growth so much, or prevents its falling off so effectually as ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL. If you have never used it you are strongly advised to procure a bottle immediately and always use ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL.

Bottles 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d., equal to four small.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO

Whitens the Teeth, Prevents Decay, Sweetens the Breath.

It thoroughly cleanses the teeth from all impurities, prevents the formation of tartar, and induces a healthy action of the gums, and makes them bright and sound. Its medicinal properties are unrivalled, being antiseptic, antacid, and astringent in its action. Is invaluable for Children's teeth.

Boxes 2s. 9d.

Sold by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and **ROWLAND'S, 67, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON.**



"LADY HENRY SOMERSET has much pleasure in stating that after trying many pens by various makers, she has found none so thoroughly satisfactory as the 'Swan' Fountain Pen of Messrs. Mabie, Todd and Bard. This pen is invaluable to her, and she has found that its use greatly facilitates her work."

21s. 30s. TO 65s. POST FREE.

SOLD BY STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

Miss M. ORCHARD, Peterhof, Russia, writes:—"I received the 'Swan' Fountain Pens which their Majesties the Emperor and Empress desired to see. The Emperor has kept two pens, an ink filler and leather pocket. The others will be sent back by next week's messenger, and will be delivered to you on application at the Russian Embassy."

MABIE, TODD & BARD, 93, Cheapside, London, E.C.

95a, Regent St., W.; 3, Exchange St., Manchester; and 37, Ave. de l'Opera, Paris.



Our Feuilleton.

Chance, the Juggler.

BY CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "By Right of Marriage.")

CHAPTER I.

A YOUNG woman sat in a deep wicker chair, with a book on her knee, and a cigarette between her lips.

She sat in an open French window; a little table, with her cup of black coffee on it, was just within the dim, low-ceiled, cool room behind her, and the cane stool on which her smart white shoes rested was on the gravel of the garden path.

It was a nice garden; one of the few old gardens left in London, not far from Sloane-street, and yet as peaceful and secluded on this day in June, as if it had been buried in the most rural spot of all our green English land.

The young woman regarded it with soft eyes of dreamy content.

Beyond the gravel path stretched a lawn; still further was a parterre, gay with geraniums, fragrant with heliotrope, proud with tall lilies; at the far end a belt of trees, and, hiding amongst them, a little summer house. The whole space was enclosed by a high wall of rich-toned brick, mantled with ivy and other creepers, and at its base were rose trees and clumps of mignonette and a line of sweet-faced pansies, and a little low hedge of clipped box.

The house was a little longer than it was high, a regular structure more than a hundred years old, with a blank face, but pleasant by reason of the warm tone of the brick, and the foam of spotless curtains in its tall windows, all thrown hospitably open to the sun.

The young woman was not reading her book. She was watching the blue smoke from her cigarette float lazily in the still air, and, from time to time, taking sips of coffee from her little Sevres cup with evident relish. It was such excellent coffee, so much better than she ever got at home in the garrison town where her husband was quartered. Everything was so lovely here. Even to sit doing nothing in this dear old garden was bliss, with the knowledge in the background that she was in her beloved London, and that there was so much to be done, all the things her heart delighted in, shopping and visiting and playing, and dancing and dining, and everything arranged for her, a carriage at her disposal, and her father-in-law always ready, as far as his weak health permitted, to anticipate her slightest wish. How she was enjoying her visit!

This mood of dreamy happiness made her look more beautiful than was her wont. In repose her face was not lovely; it was the constant and ever-varied change of expression sweeping over it as she spoke that gave it its peculiar and compelling charm. But she had an exquisite skin, though her features were not faultless, and she had a splendid pair of grey eyes, and the upper part of her face was formed like that of the old Egyptians, and her eyebrows spread themselves like wings. Her auburn hair was very curly, and was gathered up on the top of her head in a little bunch of ringlets, with a very quaint and delightful effect. She wore a gown of fine white cloth, much encrusted with lace, and with innumerable foaming frills of chiffon peeping out beneath the hem. On her small, nervous-looking hands were many rings, chiefly large pearls set singly, and one huge emerald guarded her wedding-ring.

When she had finished her coffee and thrown away her cigarette, she reminded herself that she had plenty to do. She had an appointment with a very exacting tailor, and she certainly ought to go and pacify the Bond-street jeweller about his bill. Here, in this luxurious house, where everything ran so smoothly for the courtly old gentleman who was its master, she was apt to forget that she was ever pressed for money, that tradesmen were ravening wolves, and that she had ordered a great many more frocks than she could afford to pay for.

But she sat on. The warm fragrance of the June afternoon wrapped her around. Her whole being was cradled in an absolute content. She murmured dreamily to herself that she had everything—health, good friends, the power of enjoyment, and the greatest of all things—Love. After all this time the thought of her husband thrilled her as on that day when he had first gathered her in his arms and carried her away to Paradise, where they had dwelt ever since. What did a few gnats-stings matter in the shape of importunate tradesmen with unpaid bills?

Presently she heard the sound of a door opening, and a step in the room behind her. She jumped to her feet.

"Phil!" Her voice was a gay caress. She ran into the room. Her husband caught her in his arms and kissed her. It was a lover's kiss, although they had been married three years.

"Why didn't you come back to lunch, you bad boy?"

"I couldn't dear. I had—business to attend to. Where is the pater, Martia?"

"In his own rooms," she answered. "He was not at lunch. I don't think the poor old dear is very well to-day, and Father Lyle is with him."

"That priest!" A look of anger crossed Philip Chesney's handsome face.

"Oh, dear boy, don't look like that," said his wife, with loving reproach. "Why don't you like Father Lyle? He is so amiable to us, so amusing, and the greatest comfort to the pater. I'm sure," she added in a lower voice, full of emotion, "that we ought never to grudge people their religion. You are mine, dear; and what should I be without you?"

With a little sound of contrition he took her in his arms again. The steely grip of his embrace alarmed her. She drew him to the window. In the cool, dim, flower-filled room she could not see his face, so great was the contrast with the blazing sunshine outside.

Decidedly, there was something wrong. The face she loved so well, whose every passing shade of thought and feeling she knew by heart, had lost some of its splendid light-heartedness; the eyes were clouded, and—yes, for the first time in three years—avoided her tender, clinging gaze.

It was a handsome face, tanned up to the eyes, and then delicately fair; and the short, crisp, golden hair covered his head as you see it in statues of the Greeks. Perhaps not a very strong face, but manly; with a sensitive nose and greyish-blue eyes and finely-cut lips, shaded by a tawny moustache. Not, perhaps, a typical soldier's face; a little indentation in the mouth and a hint of stubbornness in the chin.

His tall figure, rather slender, but suggesting trained muscles in perfect condition, looked as well in the conventional summer garments of the man about town as it did in full regimentals.

"What is the matter, dearest?" she murmured. "Something has gone wrong." She had a pretty, clear, silvery voice, with some lovely low notes, that she only used when her heart was very full.

"Come and sit down," he said. "No, not outside. I'm not in tune with the sun, to-day."

Her heart beat fast. So it was a cloud—the very first.

He pushed her gently into a deep chair, and stood leaning against a large carved oaken table, strewn with papers and books.

"What is it?" she whispered.

"Money," he said.

"Oh!" She breathed a sigh of intense relief. "Only money."

"You don't understand. We're up to our necks in debt."

"We always are," she said, with a little laugh that had an underlying note of wistfulness in its ringing cadence. "That's nothing new, Phil. We have always been what other folk call wickedly and wantonly extravagant; but I have another name for it, Phil; I say that we have a talent for getting the best out of life."

"We've got to pay for it now," he retorted.

"But, dear, if it is as bad as that, your father—"

"Martia," he interrupted, "that's just it. He must never know. It would kill him. He'd never stand the shock."

"The shock? Dear, why are you looking at things from the black side to-day? We must retrench. The tradesmen have waited all this time, they can wait a little longer."

"It's got beyond waiting, Martia. And it isn't the tradesmen; or they are only a very small part of it."

"Oh, Phil—cards, gaming debts." She held up her hands, thrusting the fine jewels that decked them under her eyes. "We can sell them," she said; and smiled.

"It would be nothing," he muttered.

"Oh, Phil, and I let you buy me those diamonds the other day!"

"It's all over, Martia; it is not only ruin—it's disgrace!"

"Disgrace!" Her lips trembled over the word. "And you never told me!"

"I couldn't, sweetheart; you were having such a good time."

"And it's been my fault, too," she cried. "You shan't say that," he retorted, with savage tenderness. "What are a few frocks to my insensate folly?"

"How long has it been going on?" She was growing alarmed.

"Months. I couldn't tell you; it seemed such a shame."

"Whom—do you owe the money to?"

"Detmold."

"Ah!" She gave a little shiver of disgust.

"That man! I loathe him."

"He's always hanging round the Colonel, you know. And they all play, and I couldn't get out of it, and I've had—well, cursed bad luck."

"How much is it you owe him, Phil?"

"Twelve thousand pounds."

There was a silence.

"It's a lot," she said at last, with an assumption of the business-like manner that sat very incongruously upon her; for, despite several years of complete financial independence before her marriage, her twenty-three summers had left her utterly unsophisticated where money was concerned. "But there's only one thing to be done, Phil. It must be paid."

"Out of what?" said he, with a groan. "I have five hundred a year besides my pay."

"But these things are arranged," she said, with a sort of desperate impatience. "Mr. Detmold must wait; he must be paid little by little. Surely, just to satisfy him for the moment, your father—"

"No, little girl," said her husband, firmly, "that's what I wanted to tell you just now. At all costs it must be kept from my father. With his weak heart, it might be fatal. Besides, I don't know that he could do much. He's not a rich man, you know. You mustn't go by this house; it's just been like this, untouched, for generations, while the income has been gradually shrinking."

"Then we must face it," she said, bravely.

"Mr. Detmold must come to terms. He can't put you in prison, can he? Oh, how glad I

am that I've never even been civil to him! I can sell all the jewellery I have, and then we must live on very, very little and pay it off, even if it takes us all our lives. Oh, dear," she added, "it won't be so very hard, will it? We shall be together."

The man bent down to her, and she twined her arms round his neck and murmured in those beautiful, seductive, deep notes of hers—

"And we have had such a good time!"

Dear heart, what a good time they had had, these two foolish young people! She smiled into his face now, her own rosy with memories; in her eyes shone the fullness of her love, the fullness of her content; that light of perfect happiness, without one shadow of regret, one tinge of bitterness or of restlessness, that one sees in the faces of women whose love is ratified by the law in the sight of all the world. The days had passed like a dream, humdrum enough to the ordinary sight, for Philip was tied by his military duties; but the streets of the small, gossip, ill-natured garrison town were to him and to her as the fields of Elysium.

Then these bits of leave, all too short, snatched out of the months of routine; a plunge into the feverish gaieties of Paris, more convinced than ever on their return that Love was the beginning and ending and the meaning of Life; or a few quiet idyllic weeks in Italy, that land of lovers, exploring hand in hand the cities whose greatness lies in their ashes and their dead. Then London for a week or two in the season; her father-in-law's beautiful, quiet house, a round of gaieties, shopping, the incessant adulation that would never even have penetrated to her nostrils, were it not that he was so proud and delighted to see her admired. And always the return to each other to their home, which was wherever they two happened to be, and the endless discussions about everything, and laughter and joy and kisses.

All that she had had. She had lived. What did it matter if there were going to be a few hardships now, as long as they were together? After all it was only money.

She was smiling again when he looked round, that sweet smile of hers, with just a hint of provocation in it to give it mystery. She was such a happy, happy girl. Thank God, he had made her happy! It was his folly; it was he who had taught her extravagance, he who asked to see her exquisitely gowned, with pearls about her throat, so that he might have all the more triumph in knowing that this radiant creature loved him only, she wanted him only in the whole wide world. And when the debts grew more and more pressing, rather than impose economy upon her, he had hovered round the gaming table and been drawn into that dangerous morass, floundered about at first, then lost his footing, grown reckless, and slipped into this quagmire from which there was no escape. He certainly had been led very skillfully and gently to the edge of the bog; but he was too good a sportsman to make that an excuse. He did not know why Detmold ardently desired to make him his debtor.

"Dear," said Martia, slowly, reddening with shame that she even repeated such a word in connection with her hero, "it is unfortunate and silly—but there is no disgrace."

"It's more than silly," he answered, and his voice was quite harsh, for now the truth must out. "The Colonel has given me a hint to send in my papers. I've got to leave the regiment."

"Colonel Joscelyn! Oh, how dare he?" She clenched her little hands in her rage; her face was white to the lips.

"I suppose he's right. I'm no credit to the regiment." Now that he had spoken those hateful, shameful words, the rest came in a torrent. "It was two days ago. Detmold already held some of my paper, and then that night I got mad. I played like a lunatic and ended up by owing him twelve thousand. I don't know what was the matter with me. Added to all the other bills, it seemed to make me dazed and stupid. Then yesterday I met the Colonel—he's in town for a few days—and he spoke to me horribly stiffly, and I was so absolutely done that I told him the whole truth—I had to confide in someone—and he was nastier than ever, with his face like a bronze image, and told me I'd better 'duck' the regiment. I could see Detmold had been talking to him, and it frightened me. You know, Detmold's taken a tremendous fancy to the Colonel, who, I must say, doesn't seem to respond very warmly. So this morning I went to find Detmold, intending to bite the dust and ask him to wait for his money. I nearly killed him instead. He was insolent, the brute, said he wanted his money and meant to get it; threatened to expose the whole thing, and label me a sweep who lost and couldn't pay, and made me so mad that I came away, after having thrown his insults back in his dirty face, and told him that he should have his money to-morrow. To-morrow, ye gods!"

He flung himself down in a chair, his arms hanging dejectedly at his sides.

She went to him and knelt down, laying her head on his arm and drenching his sleeve with her stormy tears. "Oh, my darling, my darling!" she sobbed. "The brutes—the odious brutes!"

"Blame me, Kiddie," he muttered. "I ought to be shot. You see, that's why I can't tell the pater. The disgrace would kill him; he's so proud of me, poor old chap!"

She sat on the floor, pondering. "Is there no one who could help you?" she asked presently, looking up, bravely hiding the turmoil of her soul.

"No," he said, "not a soul. The Colonel, of course, might take back his words; but he wouldn't. He's only a soldier, you know; he's made of iron, and only thinks of the honour of the regiment."

"You said he had great influence over that horrible man."

"Detmold? Oh, yes, he has; no doubt about that."

"Then he could induce him to wait. He could make everything smooth. Oh, I will go to him and beg him to save you on my bended knees! He must have a heart; he won't refuse; he shan't!"

"Martia, I forbid you to do anything of the kind." Captain Chesney's face had grown stern; in his eyes was a light at once apprehensive for her and vindictive against the brave soldier of whom they spoke. "You don't know what you are saying, child. Colonel Joscelyn is not a man I should like any woman to ask a favour of."

He sprang to his feet suddenly; he heard his father's slow steps outside.

"Here's the pater," he whispered. "Jump up, darling, and dry your eyes! He mustn't see anything; not on any account."

When the door opened and Sir John Chesney entered the room, his son was standing with his back to the fireplace, lighting a cigarette, and Martia was sitting near the window, with a smile on her lips; and a long shadow, that had been creeping along the carpet all the while, lay between them.

Aye, that little cloud no bigger than a man's hand, how it had grown!

CHAPTER II.

MARTIA thought of those words of her husband's all the while she drove to keep her appointment with her exacting tailor. "I forbid you to do anything of the kind . . . Colonel Joscelyn is not a man I should like any woman to ask a favour of."

She was very cold, despite the blazing sun, the glaring heat that shrouded everything in a sort of haze and seemed to rise in suffocating vapour from the wood pavements over which her father-in-law's elegant victoria rolled, bearing her out into the world, her heart sick with pain.

She looked the same as usual; smart, faultlessly dressed. She had lathered her eyes and powdered her face and put on a white veil over her toque of white roses, and she held her parasol low. Only a very keen observer would have noticed an unaccustomed stillness about her, and very probably put it down to the heat.

She stood with exemplary patience while she was being fitted.

Afterwards, she had not the heart to go to the Bond-street jeweller and ask him, with pretty smiles, to wait a little longer for the £500 she owed him. She thought she would take her jewels to him to-morrow, and they would pay his bill and leave something over for the others.

She seated herself aimlessly in the carriage, and the footman on the pavement looked at her in respectful inquiry, after he had settled the dust-coloured rug on her knees.

Ah! yes, where was she going to? She did not want to go anywhere. She had seen Philip for a few minutes alone in her dressing-room before she came out. He was going to stay at home to think. She wanted to stay with him; to think with him. But he had said: "No, go out; do just what you were going to do. It won't do me any good if you shut yourself up. Show yourself, and smile. Don't let the world see you with red eyes; that would be fatal. Let us die standing, little girl!"

She thought a moment. Mrs. Adeane had an afternoon reception. It was sure to be crowded. There would be music, noise; she could be alone with her thoughts; it would not matter if she chattered rapid nonsense. Everybody did. So she gave the address to the waiting footman, and the carriage rolled over more steaming wood pavement and softening asphalt towards a big house facing the Park.

"Not a man I should like any woman to ask a favour of!" She knew what he meant by that, of course. Everybody who had ever heard of Paul Joscelyn would understand. She saw again the light of contemptuous resentment that had shone in her husband's eyes. He despised his Colonel—as a man. Not as a soldier, of course. No one could do that. No one could overlook the qualities of a man who wore the Victoria Cross, and had earned it a dozen times, who had performed more acts of gallantry and daring in the field than any of his contemporaries. But, in private life, Colonel Joscelyn had a bad name. They called him a Don Juan; they said that he made women love him and broke their hearts, just for the fun of the thing.

He was a soldier from choice. He was very rich; much, much richer than soldiers are wont to be. He had an hotel on the Bois de Boulogne, and a Palazzo on the Grand Canal, and a place in Berkshire, and a shooting-box in Sutherland, and a set of snug chambers in the Albany. But it was said that he was much happier sleeping in a tent under an Indian sky, or sharing his men's hardships on a forced march.

She had heard one story about him that had impressed her very much at the time, and that the world in general did not know. It concerned a great sorrow that had shadowed his life some ten years before she had met him. He had had a younger brother, a wild, weak, reckless youth, whom he had dearly loved. This boy, while in Paris, had fallen in with a Russian Prince, many years older than himself, and famous for his evil life. Young Joscelyn had succumbed to his influence. The Prince had made him his boon companion; with callous deliberation he had taught him to drink and gamble, to frequent race courses and low dancing halls. The poor boy's career of vice was short. He lost then shot himself, because his Russian friend

supplanted him in the affections of a lovely dancer with whom he was infatuated, and whom he was on the eve of marrying. He had never learnt his lesson of evil quite thoroughly, for he genuinely loved the woman, and her faithlessness broke his heart.

The Colonel, hearing of the whole scandal only when the tragedy was over, paid his brother's debts, invited the Russian to Ostend, and ran him through the heart on the sands one moonlight night. At least, that was the rumour, and certainly the Prince was never seen in Paris again, or in London, or in any of his former haunts. Some people said the Colonel had never been the same man since. However that might be, it was certain that on every anniversary of his brother's death, if he were anywhere within reach of it, he paid a visit to the old parish church of his home in Berkshire, where the boy lay in the family vault, and shut himself up for the rest of the day in his empty Tudor house, alone with his memories.

She had almost forgotten it until now, when he loomed largely in her thoughts as the only possible saviour of her beloved. A man who had so loved his brother that he would kill another man to avenge him must have a heart, however skilfully he concealed it. Oh, if Philip only would let her go to him! She was sure it would do no harm, and it might save him. This man could not turn a deaf ear to her despair. Perhaps no woman had ever pleaded to him on her knees for the man she loved. Of course, she would not disobey Philip, but it was hard.

When she had made her way through the dense crowd that thronged Mrs. Adeane's red-carpeted marble staircase, and found a little breathing space in the vast apartments that opened out from the wide gallery, she caught her breath with a little gasp.

The first person she saw, leaning idly against one of the verde-antique pillars, was Paul Joscelyn himself.

Her heart beat in her throat. Was it—Fate? She turned faint. The heat was stifling; the hum of voices round her was a very babel; the masses of hot-house flowers exhaled an intoxicating scent.

Just then her hostess rustled by, greeted her effusively, and passed on.

She stood behind one of the pillars, gazing furtively at the man. Would he stretch out his hand to save Philip just because the woman who adored Philip begged him to? She had been warned. Colonel Joscelyn was a bad man. She laid herself open to—what? To a curt refusal? Well, she would have tried. To insult? Looking at him, she did not think so.

Just then the man stirred, looking round him in a slow, bored way. Then he half shook himself and moved away from the pillar.

The next moment she had darted forward and laid her hand on the man's arm.

"Colonel Joscelyn," she said, in a low, stammering voice.

He looked round, and bowed.

"Mrs. Chesney, can I do anything for you?" His tone was formal, cold.

"I—I want to speak to you," she said. "Not here—it is so hot. Do you know this house?"

"Yes," he said, taking in her meaning.

"There is a conservatory through that second room."

She walked towards it; he followed her in silence. Most of the people were thronging in the music room and round the buffet.

It was a large glass place, full of palms and flowers, built out over the porch, and it was quite empty. She sat down in an osier chair and pulled up her veil.

The man looked shocked. "You don't look at all well," he said, as he might have spoken to a child. "Let me fetch you something—some tea—"

She shook her head violently. "No, no—it's the heat."

Then she lapsed into silence, and he stood beside her, waiting for what he must have guessed she was going to say.

"It is—about Philip, my husband," faltered Martia at last.

"Yes," said the Colonel, and his lips set like a steel trap, and his face looked as if it were cast in bronze.

"You, oh, you can save him!" she burst out incoherently. "Don't make him leave the regiment—oh, don't, don't! Surely you don't want to lose a good soldier!"

"Perhaps, Mrs. Chesney," said the man, without the slightest expression in his imperturbable face, "your husband is not quite the sort of soldier the regiment needs."

"What sort of a soldier does your regiment need?" she cried. "Does it need a man loyal to his heart's core, a man who would die for his country gladly, a man who is noble and unselfish, who is good to animals and chivalrous to women, who is incapable of treachery, of any baseness, a man who would spread his cloak as much for a beggar woman as for a queen?" She paused, breathless, her big grey eyes blazing with pride.

The Colonel's stern face relaxed; just the shadow of a whimsical smile flitted over it.

"Oh, little lady," he said, "is he really all that?"

"Yes. So he is, as I know him. I am the proudest woman on earth, because I am his wife."

"And he is the most fortunate of men," said the Colonel gravely. "But, Mrs. Chesney, what do you want me to do?"

"Give him back his career; give him another chance."

"What if I say that I don't so highly prize a man who sends his wife to plead for him?"

"He did not send me. He forbade me to speak to you."

Again that shadow of a smile twisted the corners of the man's mouth.

"He was right. Doves should not venture into the hawk's nest."

"I don't believe you are a hawk. And I am not a dove; I am only a woman who risks her husband's displeasure to try to help him. It is no crime that he has committed."

"There are men who deem weakness a crime."

"If you are as strong as they say, you might have stretched out your hand to save him, Colonel Joscelyn. Instead, you looked on, while he got into this—this dreadful position."

"You must remember," he said, "that you place me at a disadvantage. I have only the regiment to consider. Have they not told you that I am a soldier first of all?"

"So is he," she cried. "He won't say anything, but it will break his heart to have to give up his profession. Indeed, indeed, you need not fear!"

"Do you know everything?" he asked.

"I know that he owes that odious man twelve thousand pounds."

"Odious man!" The Colonel's smile deepened.

"He is an odious man. I can't help it if he is your friend. What can be more odious than such greed, since he is so rich already?"

"Perhaps you are right. He is not my friend; only once he did me a service. But again I must ask—what can I do?"

"Persuade him to wait for his money. He threatens to expose Philip; to make it public. It will not only ruin Philip; it will kill his father. If he will only wait, we will pay. I promise you; I give you my word. My husband's honour is dearer to me than my own life. I would do anything, anything on earth to save him. I don't mind poverty, penury, want—anything. He shall be paid. You could do it, couldn't you?"

"I daresay I could."

"Oh, will you? You will never have cause to regret it. Then, afterwards, help him! He will do you credit. He is the noblest, best man on earth; and if he is a little—a little—"

"Weak? Oh, little lady, he is not the only one like that!"

"You know best the temptations that are put in his way," she said, with a half fierce intensity.

"What you say is all as true as it is wonderful," he said, and his voice was not quite so tired, and he looked at her very closely. "Wonderful, I mean, because it is so rare to find in a woman loyalty united with understanding. But, you know, Mrs. Chesney, it is not a pretty business. These debts that we call debts of honour, among men—"

"Oh," she interrupted, scornfully, "I don't

see much honour in the winning of a large sum of money from a poor man by a millionaire, who threatens to expose him, to ruin him, if he does not pay!"

"If you put it like that," remarked the Colonel dryly, "neither do I. But we are speaking as people of the world."

"In this case," she said, "you are more powerful than the world. You can induce this man to wait; you can take back your words and give Philip back his career. Will you do it? I can't stay here any longer now."

As she spoke those last words a strange, transient gleam came into the Colonel's eyes, and he looked into her face more searchingly even than he had done before.

"Just now you said that you would do anything on earth to help your husband." He spoke in a very quiet voice, as if he were conducting a conversation that bored him very much. "Mrs. Chesney, I wonder if you are as brave as you seem to be? I wonder if you mean exactly what you say?"

"Of course I do. Try me! There is no task too hard for you to impose upon me to show my gratitude." Her eyes glowed with the fervent light of a devotee to a great cause.

"Will you come alone to my chambers to-night for my answer?"

She jumped to her feet, and stood for a moment immovable, speechless. The proposition staggered her, robbed her for a few seconds of the power of thought.

So they were right! He was a bad man; a cruel one. He had been playing with her all this time. Fool! She had thought to be wiser than the world.

She turned her back on him, and made towards the adjoining room.

"I thought you would not be brave enough for that," she heard him murmur.

She turned and looked him squarely in the eyes, her own filled with fathomless contempt. "If I come, do you undertake to grant my request?" she asked, in an icy voice.

"Yes. Have they not told you that of all things I worship courage? Do not fear! You will be quite safe."

"I will come."

She could read nothing in his face. He only seemed to be watching her very attentively.

"At ten o'clock," he said. "You know my address."

Without another glance at him she swept out. There was scorn unutterable, even in the very tip of her white train.

Paul Joscelyn looked after her; and his eyes were sad, and angry, too.

"She thinks, like the rest of the world," he murmured, "that five minutes alone with me will soil her white plumage for ever. Poor child!"

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SOAP PERFUMES

And their Fashions.

[By JOHN C. UMNEY, F.C.S.]

There can be no question that in articles of toilet, just as in articles of dress, and indeed in many other things that one might mention, there is a very decided fashion. Toilet soaps appear to be no exception to the rule, if one may judge by the change that has taken place in their characters during the past quarter of a century.

"Punch" on one occasion when the President of the British Pharmaceutical Conference, at a gathering at Newcastle, pointed out that even in medicine there were most distinct fashions; published the subjoined amusing verses.

"PUNCH."—October 4th, 1890.

FASHION IN PHYSIC.

(The President of the British Pharmaceutical Conference lately drew attention to the prevalence of fashion in medicine.)

A fashion in physic, like fashions in frills;
The doctors at one time are mad upon pills;
The crystalline principles now have their day
Where alkaloids once held an absolute sway.
The drugs of old times might be good, but it's true,
We discard them in favour of those that are new.

The salts and the senna have vanished, we fear,
As the poet has said, like the snows of last year;
And where is the mixture in boyhood we quaff'd
That was known by the ominous name of Black
Draught?
While Gregory's powder has gone, we are told,
To the limbo of drugs that are worn out and old.

New fads and new fancies are reigning supreme,
And salomel one day will be but a dream;
While folks have asserted a ch...ist might toil
Through his shelves, and find out he had no castor
oil.

While as to infusions, they've long taken wings,
And they'd think you quite mad for prescribing such
things.

The fashion to-day is a tincture so strong
That, if dosing yourself, you are sure to go wrong.
What men learnt in the past they say brings them no
peel,
And the well-tried old remedies rest on the shelf.
But the patient may haply exclaim: "Don't be rash,
Lest your new-fangled physic should settle my hash!"

Soaps and their perfumes come naturally within the observation of the chemist, and though I do not propose to deal with the changes (entirely for the better) that have taken place in the composition of soaps,

it will probably be of interest to ponder on the alterations that have been made in the perfuming of soaps.

Perhaps the soap that appealed most to our grandmothers was the brown Windsor soap with its characteristic cassia or cinnamon odour, either with or without musk. It may interest your readers to know that the principal oils used in the perfuming of brown Windsor soap were cassia, or cinnamon, thyme, lavender, and patchouli.

Cassia oil comes to us from China, where it is distilled from a bark of very pleasant fragrance, and the aroma of Ceylon cinnamon is too well known to need any description.

Thyme oil, which possesses very valuable medicinal properties, is distilled from thyme plants growing principally wild in the South of France and Spain, and, of course, must be distinguished from the lemon thyme of our gardens used for culinary purposes.

Lavender oil, supposed to have a baneful influence on most insects, is principally obtained from plants growing wild on the mountain slopes of the French Riviera.

Lavender oil is produced elsewhere, and notably at Mitcham, in Surrey, and the adjacent villages. The almost sunless summers of England, together with the cost of cultivation, make the product much more expensive, and so it comes about that where pounds are distilled in England, tons are made under the cloudless skies of Grasse and that district of the Riviera.

To these ingredients were often added small grain musk, obtained from the musk deer, very powerful in itself, and not by any means alluring when unblended, but when sufficiently weak, pleasant and giving a characteristic odour to the soap which it is used to perfume.

This then was the principal toilet soap of fifty years ago, and it was not without valuable properties, for oils of cinnamon, cassia, and thyme have undoubted germ-destroying properties.

We then pass to a somewhat later period, and find the fashion changing—and the introduction of soaps scented with perfumes abstracted from the rose geranium, the damask rose, the orange leaf, the East Indian sandal wood tree, and other perfumes.

Several species of pelargonium are used for the distillation of the odour known as rose geranium, which takes the form of a liquid oil, the world's supplies being obtained from Algeria, as well as from the French Riviera, and more recently from Reunion and Bourbon.

The perfumes distilled from plants grown in these various districts may be readily dis-

tinguished by connoisseurs, for the odour of geranium oil distilled from the plants in Bourbon differs as much from that grown in Algeria as do the lavender oils from the south of France from those distilled at Mitcham, which are so highly esteemed.

The orange leaf oil, which possesses an odour closely resembling the orange flower, of such interest to the ladies, is very largely used for soap-scenting purposes, and a very delicate blend it makes when mixed with rose geranium and other oils.

Sandal wood oil, distilled from the rasped wood of the sandal wood tree, a native of India, has a heavy odour, but when blended is most useful as a basis. Raspings of sandal wood are an important item in most sachets.

These perfumes are more or less heavy, clinging ones, and though finding favour with some, to the majority are tiring, and in a degree objectionable.

The sensuous perfume of the jasmine, which it is next to impossible to dissociate from the flower, the refined odour of the orange blossom, the delicate scent of the violet, the delicious odour of vanilla, the fragrance of the new-mown hay, and even musk itself—all of these odours have now been captured by the scientific chemist in his untiring attempt to imitate and improve upon nature. By elaborate experiment he has been able to build up bodies representing the constituents giving the pleasant odours to all these products as they exist in the vegetable or animal kingdom, and, indeed, of many others. And in the majority of cases what is his starting point? It seems strange that one should turn to the earth for the starting point in the manufacture and building-up of all these lovely perfumes, but just as the sweetest thing to the taste on the earth—saccharine (550 times sweeter than sugar)—is produced from coal, so are all these bodies, so sweet in odour, the outcome of elaborate research on this apparently uninteresting substance.

"As black as coal" has been for a long time, as it were, a term of objection, but when one considers the beautiful things produced from coal tar, which is distilled from coal, one begins to see that although in its crude state it may look uninviting, yet what do we do with it? Some may not know that in addition to these perfumes practically all the colours of our clothes, of our carpets, of our curtains are derived from coal tar, and I have the authority of Professor Green, Professor of Tinctorial Chemistry and Dyeing at Yorkshire College, Leeds, the principal college in this country where such technical work is carried out, for saying that 2,000 colours are in daily use, and all of them produced from coal tar as a starting point.

It is obvious, therefore, that in all these researches on the valuable products of coal tar the bodies that can be produced from it of

medicinal value, as well as value in perfumery and in dyeing, have not been overlooked.

Readers become so familiar with the titles of the medicines that are prescribed for them, that when one mentions such things as antipyrin and phenacetine for headache, salicylate of soda for rheumatism, each derived from coal tar, we see how much we owe to that substance.

In photography also many derivatives of coal tar are used, such as hydroquinone and many other developing agents.

Perhaps the bodies of the greatest importance, however, derived from coal tar are those that possess disinfecting properties. Of course your readers are familiar with these in many forms—carbolic acid, so commonly used for almost every purpose of disinfection, creosote, naphthalene, largely used as a preventive of moth, and many other bodies, all of which possess antiseptic and germ-destroying properties.

The modern tendency is towards prudence. One insures against death, fire, accidents, burglary, and a thousand other risks, and therefore the prudent housewife who sees in a soap not only something that is eminently pleasant, but which at the same time contains the most valuable properties for the maintenance of health, both of the skin and of the body, naturally leads fashion in that direction.

For this reason very many people now say "What a nice, clean, healthy smell" after washing with such a soap as Wright's, the original coal tar soap, in which those valuable medicinal properties that have in any sense unpleasant odour are skilfully concealed.

It must not be supposed that coal tar is only good for eczema and diseases of the skin. This is a misconception which appears to exist in the minds of a few, who expect to see in coal tar soaps something black, quite unattractive, and to be used only in conditions of ill-health. This, of course, is fallacious and entirely misleading. Science has taught the manufacturing chemist how to make an elegant and pure soap from an edible fat, and with it to blend all the life and health-preserving constituents of the coal tar, and in the process rejecting the effete and valueless black constituents.

Fashion may again change, but certainly the tendency of the modern housewife is to move in scientific directions, and she does not fail to recognise how the change of fashion in the matter of soap has been influenced by and based upon prudence and a more complete knowledge of the mysteries unravelled by chemical investigation.

Will the fashion be maintained? No one can, of course, say that fashions or fiscal policies are fixed and final.
Time will show!

[ADVT.]

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WORDS OF ADVICE.—ASK FOR CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS, and see that the package bears the name of the California Fig Syrup Co. Imitations are numerous, but as you value your health you cannot risk taking a substitute. Of all Chemists, 1/12 and 1/9.

FOR
DELICATE
CHILDREN.

SCROFULA
AND
RICKETS.

WHOOPIING
COUGH.

THE MOST PALATABLE OF ALL EMULSIONS
AND A GREAT AID TO DIGESTION.

Angier's Emulsion

(PETROLEUM WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES)

The little ones all like Angier's Emulsion and take it with real pleasure when they will not touch other medicine. Pleasant, simple and safe, it does not contain an atom of anything that can be harmful to the feeblest infant. Weak and puny children show improvement almost from the very first dose. They eat better, digest better, sleep better, and gain in weight, strength and colour. Doctors prescribe Angier's Emulsion largely for children's ailments, and it is used in the children's hospitals.

A FREE SAMPLE

On receipt of 3d. for postage. Mention "The Daily Mirror."

CAUTION.—Do not risk disappointment or worse by trying imitations made with ordinary petroleum. Be sure to get Angier's. Of Chemists and Drug Stores, 1/12, 2/6 and 4/6.

THE ANGIER CHEMICAL CO., LTD., 32 SNOW HILL, LONDON, E.C.

GREAT SALE.

Second-Hand

PIANOS.

CHAPPELL & CO., Ltd., beg to announce their after season Sale of Second-hand Pianofortes of their manufacture, of which there are some hundreds to select from. These instruments, which have had but very little wear, are being offered at **EXCEPTIONALLY LOW PRICES** for cash, or on the instalment system, as they must be cleared to make room for new stock.

ILLUSTRATED LIST, WITH PARTICULARS OF SALE PRICES, POST FREE.

CHAPPELL and CO., Ltd., Pianoforte Manufacturers, 50, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

The Great Inventor Edison



in a recent talk about the wonders of the coming year, says:—

"The doctor of the future will instruct his patients in the care of the human frame, in diet and the cause and prevention of disease."

Leading physicians the world over are learning the value of a scientific food like **GRAPE-NUTS**, which is taking the place of porridge because it works in the human system along nature's lines, not against them like heavy, undercooked foods.

GRAPE-NUTS comes to the user ready for instant serving, having undergone at the factory slow cooking for a period of 10 to 12 hours; this, added to moisture, time and mechanical manipulation, turns the starch of the grains, wheat and barley into grape sugar, thus paralleling the first act of digestion in the human system. Starch dyspepsia, where **GRAPE-NUTS** are used, is unknown.

Moreover, its crisp delicate particles give the teeth just enough work to draw the saliva into the mouth, and this important ferment passing into the stomach aids in the digestion of other foods. Contrast this with soft stodgy foods like porridge and soft breads which are generally swallowed without chewing.

No food on earth contains the powerful rebuilding elements for brain, nerve and muscle that are found in **GRAPE-NUTS**.

Every ounce of **GRAPE-NUTS** tells.

There's a reason.

Prove it by use.